THE COMPLETE POEMS of EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDITED BY J. H. WHITTY

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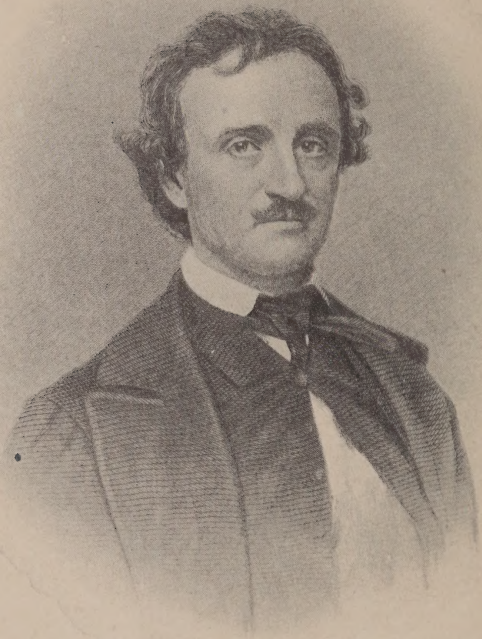

Edgar A. Poe

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OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDITED BY

J. H. WHITTY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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TO

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

EDITOR'S NOTE

It is generally conceded that the genius of Edgar Allan Poe is more important than his character or his career; criticisms of his poems are variable and perishing — the true, immortal thing is the poet's text. In the preface to the 1845 edition of his poems Poe wrote: "I am naturally anxious that if what I have written is to circulate at all, it should circulate as I wrote it." The aim of the editors of both the *Stedman-Woodberry* and *Virginia* editions of Poe was to ascertain and establish as accurate and complete a text as the state of the sources permitted, admitting, however, that Poe's last revision of his poems should be the accepted authorized text. Most unfortunately they not only lacked the means of ascertaining the true sources of Poe's last revisions of his poems, but likewise overlooked much important Poe verse.

This edition of the Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe presents a text fully and authoritatively established from Poe's own last revisions, made during the latter years of his life, and, in addition, the most complete collection of his poetic work extant. The main sources for the last revised forms of Poe's poems are: (I), the F. W. Thomas *Recollections of E. A. Poe;* (II), the Richmond *Examiner;* (III), the Richmond *Whig;* (IV), the Boston *Flag of Our Union;* (V), Poe's MSS. Poems; (VI), *The Southern Literary Messenger;* (VII), *The Missionary Memorial.* The principal sources for Poe's new poems are: *The Baltimore Saturday Visiter; Graham's*

Magazine, The Broadway Journal, Burton's Gentleman's Magazine, the *Philadelphia Saturday Museum,* and the Boston *Symposia.* During the last year of his life Poe had printed in the Richmond *Examiner* the final forms of his poems *The Raven* and *Dream-Land,* while the Richmond *Whig* published his correct form of the poem *Lenore,* all three of which, with other poems, have now been brought into Poe's own, and best, text. There have also been added to Poe's collected poems twenty-one new poems.

The newest text of Poe's poems is here printed with the fewest possible editor's footnotes, with the feeling that "the less the eye be fatigued, the more liberty the mind will feel in judgement." The especial design of this volume is to present to the general reader in a succinct manner, and popular form, the definite poetical works of Poe. For the student or more critical reader who would desire to make an extended study of Poe's art the larger work, with *Notes,* prepared by the editor should be consulted. The spelling and punctuation of Poe have been followed scrupulously in the text, and an endeavor was made in the arrangement of the poems to conform, as far as possible, with Poe's own ideas.

J. H. W.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *January,* 1920.

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MEMOIR

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born at Boston, Massachusetts, January 19, 1809. This was the date entered for him in the matriculation book at the University of Virginia in 1826. Other evidence exists to establish the date as true, although Poe himself has given the year of his birth as both 1811 and 1813. His age as recorded at the United States War Department and at West Point Military Academy is also at variance with the accepted date of his birth.

The question of correct age did not seem to give Poe much concern. In *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1840, he wrote: "The infirmity of falsifying our age is at least as old as the time of Cicero, who, hearing one of his contemporaries attempting to make out that he was ten years younger than he really was, very drily remarked, 'Then, at the time you and I were at school together, you were not born.'"

Poe also called himself both a "Bostonian" and a "Virginian." His mother, Elizabeth Arnold, arrived at Boston early in 1796, accompanied by her mother, an actress from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Mrs. Arnold soon afterwards married a Mr. Tubbs, but their history is unknown. The daughter followed a theatrical career, and *Carr's Musical Repository* for 1800 published, among the popular songs of the day — "Tink a Tink," and "Chica cho," as sung by Miss Arnold in "Blue Beard." She married C. D. Hopkins, an actor, about May, 1802. He died October 26, 1805, and

shortly afterwards she married another member of her theatrical company named David Poe. He came from Baltimore, Maryland, where his family connections stood well. The first child, William Henry Leonard Poe, was probably born in 1807. He was afterwards taken in charge by his father's family at Baltimore. The Boston tax office shows that David Poe, actor, was assessed in May, 1808, with three hundred dollars, personal property, which represented at least double that amount. The Poe family left Boston in the fall of 1809, and joined the New York Company, playing with them until the end of the following season in July. In New York all definite traces of David Poe seem lost. Mrs. Poe joined her old company and appeared with them without her husband, at Richmond, Virginia, August 18, 1810. The notice in the Richmond *Enquirer* of that date announcing the play, "Castle Spectre," has,— "Mrs. Poe as Angela (From the Theatre, New York)." She also took the part of "Maria" in the afterpiece called, "Of Age To-morrow." All the names of the company were printed, but that of David Poe did not appear. A benefit was given Mrs. Poe September 21, when she sang and danced. The company left Richmond November 14, 1810. The fact that the company with Mrs. Poe were in Norfolk, Virginia, in December, and that she did not appear upon the stage, would indicate that her third child, Rosalie, was born there about that date. This event probably occurred at the Forrest Mansion, in that city, and has led to the supposition by some, that it was Edgar's birth, instead of his sister's.

E. A. Poe stated that his father died within a few weeks of his mother at Richmond, Virginia, which cannot be verified. Strong evidence to the contrary tends

to show that David Poe was dead, or had deserted his family, prior to Mrs. Poe's last visit to Richmond. F. W. Thomas in his manuscript *Recollections of E. A. Poe* states:[1] "I was intimate with Poe's brother in Baltimore during the year 1828. He was a slim, feeble young man, with dark inexpressive eyes, and his forehead had nothing like the expansion of his brother's. His manners were fastidious. We visited lady acquaintances together, and he wrote Byron poetry in albums, which had little originality. He recited in private and was proud of his oratorical powers. He often deplored the early death of his mother, but pretended not to know what had become of his father. I was told by a lawyer intimate with the family that his father had deserted his mother in New York. Both his parents had visited Baltimore when he was a child, and they sent money from Boston to pay for his support."

Mrs. Poe went to Charleston, South Carolina, after leaving Norfolk, and the *Courier* of that city printed the following, April 28, 1811: "For the benefit of Mrs. Poe on Monday evening April 29th, will be presented, 'The Wonder,' or 'A Woman Keeps a Secret'; after the play a comic pantomimical ballet called 'Hurry Scurry, or the Devil among the Mechanics,' to which will be added, the much admired entertainment called 'The Highland Reel.'" Mrs. Poe and her company returned to Norfolk, Virginia, the following July. In a notice of Mrs. Poe's benefit, July 26, 1811, the Norfolk *Herald* printed a communication stating: "Misfortunes have pressed heavily upon Mrs. Poe, who has been left alone, the

[1] All statements from F. W. Thomas are from the same source.

support of herself and several young children." This, printed under Mrs. Poe's own eye, while she was in Norfolk, strongly indicates that her husband had in some manner left the family. No record of his death can be found at Norfolk or Richmond.[1]

From Norfolk Mrs. Poe went to Richmond in August, 1811, and there she made her last appearance on the stage October 11. It is a coincidence that Poe also made his last public appearance in Richmond. A benefit for Mrs. Poe was repeated in Richmond, and an appeal for charity for her published in a daily paper. She died December 8, as recorded in the Richmond *Enquirer*, December 10; and a notice that her funeral would take place on Tuesday, December 10, appeared in the Richmond *Virginia Patriot* of that date. No record of her burial place has been found in Richmond. I have made careful search, and only find an entry of a burial by the city corresponding with the date of her death, in old St. John's Churchyard, but no name is given.

Edgar Poe was taken in charge by Mrs. John Allan, and his sister by Mrs. William MacKenzie, both Richmond families. Mrs. Allan's husband reluctantly acquiesced in the quasi-adoption of Edgar.[2] Although John Allan's financial affairs were not prosperous, the family lived in modest, but comfortable circumstances. It is said that Edgar was baptized December 11, 1811,

[1] The statements by Poe himself, and his biographers, that David Poe died in Richmond, also the recent claim as to Norfolk, Virginia, have no foundation of fact.

[2] This, with other direct early information concerning Poe and the Allan family, is derived from Judge R. W. Hughes, Dabney Dandridge, a colored servant of the Allans, and other old Richmond residents. (The Allans also had another old servant named "Jim.")

but I am unable to find the church record. The family, with Edgar and a sister of Mrs. Allan's, Miss Ann Moore Valentine, went to London, England, in the summer of 1815. There Edgar was sent to the Academy of Rev. Dr. Bransby, in Stoke Newington, near London. This school is well portrayed by Poe in his story called "William Wilson." He also attended the Misses Dubourg's boarding-school in London. F. W. Thomas states that Poe told him that his school days in London were sad, lonely and unhappy. In *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1840, Poe wrote: "Since the sad experience of my schoolboy days to this present writing, I have seen little to sustain the notion held by some folks, that schoolboys are the happiest of all mortals." Poe visited Scotland, stopping with members of the Allan family, at Irvine and Kilmarnock. He attended school at Irvine. He wrote A. Ramsey, of Stonehaven, Scotland, December 30, 1846, asking about the Allans.

Allan's business affairs in London were unsuccessful, and after five years' absence the family returned to Richmond, Virginia, in the summer of 1820. They settled down again to economical living, and Poe was sent to the school of J. H. Clarke. Allan wished to give him an education, but otherwise was cold and formal, while his wife was the reverse. Edgar was of an effeminate disposition, and although he indulged in boyish sports, preferred girls for playmates. In one of his early magazine notes he speaks of using roller skates in his boyhood, to show that they were not a more modern invention. He also had more than the usual boy's yearning for reading matter. Allan's library was scant, and he had peculiar notions of what Edgar

should read. Mrs. Allan, a consistent member of the Episcopal Church, was mainly seeking to instill in his mind the fear of God.

Among the intimate church acquaintances of Mrs. Allan were the families of Chief Justice John Marshall and J. H. Strobia, both mentioned by Poe in later life. Edgar always accompanied Mrs. Allan to church meetings, and here was likely laid the foundation of his knowledge of the Bible and Christian religion. John Allan was not much of a church attendant, and rather a liberal thinker. The germ out of which Poe's later materialism evolved may have come from this source. There seems an autobiographical hint of this in his tale "The Domain of Arnheim," which he has said contains "much of his soul." Here he wrote: "Some peculiarities, either in his early education, or in the nature of his intellect, had tinged with what is termed materialism all his ethical speculations; and it was this bias, perhaps, which led him to believe that the most advantageous at least, if not the sole legitimate field for the poetic exercise, lies in the creation of novel moods of purely *physical* loveliness." Mrs. Allan also had a godchild named Catherine Elizabeth Poitiaux, who was Poe's early playmate and child-love. At church Poe met the early companion of his boyhood, Ebenezer Burling, the son of a widowed mother, who lived in a house on Bank Street, in which Poe was afterwards married and resided with his wife and Mrs. Clemm.

There Poe also caught the first glimpse of his sweetheart, Sarah Elmira Royster, who was to inspire so much of his youthful verse. In early boyhood Burling and Poe were often together. When matters went

wrong at Allan's,[1] Edgar hastened to Burling's home, and spent the night there, in opposition to the Allans' wishes. It was Burling who taught Poe to swim, and also engaged with him in other manly sports. Dr. Rawlings, who lived near Burling and attended him, said that he was rough in his manner and of a different disposition to Poe. He was fond of light literature, and most likely Poe derived some of his early ideas of adventure from him, and there obtained his reading matter on such subjects.

Poe's own statement of his first reading of "Robinson Crusoe," in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for January, 1836, is interesting. He wrote: "How fondly do we recur in memory to those enchanted days of our boyhood when we first learned to grow serious over Robinson Crusoe!—when we first found the spirit of wild adventure enkindling within us; as by the dim firelight, we labored out, line by line, the marvellous import of those pages, and hung breathless and trembling with eagerness over their absorbing — over their enchanting interest! Alas! the days of desolate islands are no more!"

These sad words, with the plaintive, "no more," were written from a window with a view of his boyhood haunts, while adjoining was the old warehouse of Ellis & Allan, where he spent many hours of his youth. That he frequented this place early is shown by a power of attorney given by the firm November 17, 1823, which has Edgar Allan Poe as a witness.[2] It was in the spring of the year 1825 that John Allan inherited money from

[1] Mrs. Clemm said this was not infrequent.

[2] This with his name in an early school book in my possession are his earliest known autographs.

an uncle. And soon after this he surrounded his home with luxuries — purchased costly draperies, and, besides the foundation for a library, added works of art, including a marble bust of Mary Magdalen by Canova, and another of Dante. This sudden change in the mode of living must have had its effect upon Edgar's mind. Here might be found the germ for some tastes displayed in after years, — his minute descriptions of draperies and of furniture. About this same period another change took place in the family affairs tending to leave a greater impress upon the discerning mind of the boy Edgar. The marital relations of the Allans became unhappy. The reasons that caused the second Mrs. Allan to renounce her husband's will, May 26, 1834, began to trouble the first wife. John Allan stated in his will made April 17, 1832, and recorded at Richmond, Virginia, that he had confessed his fault, before marriage to his second wife.[1]

A letter of the second Mrs. Allan's, written to Colonel T. H. Ellis, is on record, very damaging to Poe. The Valentine Museum at Richmond, Virginia, has numerous unpublished letters, written by Poe to John Allan, with the latter's notations on them, which were read to a small select audience in Richmond, some years ago. The letters taken with the notations are said to

[1] He also left several legacies to provide for the maintenance of the results of this fault. The Richmond court records with the original entry of this will were destroyed by fire. It was also recorded in another court, but was not accessible to Poe's previous biographers. I have a copy of the will, as well as the full proceedings of the lengthy legal contest made to break the will of the second Mrs. Allan, which was finally decided by the Supreme Court.

give an impression that Poe was ungrateful to his patron. They also contain references to other people, which has hindered their early publication. They are said to date from 1826 to 1830, referring mainly to his college career, and represent Poe in a sincere, but sad mood.

All these circumstances, as well as the importance of showing the influences surrounding Poe's early bringing up, make it necessary for this memoir not to ignore the existing documents in the matters, which are also public records. With Mrs. Allan suspicious and jealous of her husband, the natural disposition of Poe was to side with her in family matters, which made Allan anxious to have him out of the way. The educational solution was the best that offered itself and the easiest to arrange with both Poe and Mrs. Allan. It was decided to send Edgar to the University of Virginia, but he seems to have been reluctant in going there. He had been making desperate love to Miss Royster, and his pleadings had not been in vain. The old colored servitor, who assisted Poe in getting away, has left a statement that Edgar and Mrs. Allan were sad at heart the day he left for the University, and on the way Poe intimated a desire to break away from Allan, and seek his own living. He intrusted the servant with a letter to be handed in person to Miss Royster, which was the last she was to see for some time. For with the ardent lover away her parents intercepted Poe's letters and soon substituted another suitor, to whom she was married. All his letters to Miss Royster were destroyed but one, and this the newly wedded found when it was too late. Without response to his letters, Poe felt that his first and only love had proven untrue to her vows to

him. His relations with Allan were uncongenial and his money allowances rather meagre. In the company of gay companions he became reckless, indulged in liquor, played cards for money, and became involved in debt. He stood well in his studies at the University, but left at the end of the session, December 15, 1826, under a financial cloud, with lawyers trying to force Allan into paying his gambling debts.[1]

Upon Poe's return to Richmond, Mrs. Allan greeted him with oldtime endearments, which her husband resented. He made Poe feel in the way, and put him to work in his firm's counting-house. Here Poe chewed the cud of bitter discontent. He first wrote a letter to The Mills Nursery of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, with whom the Allan firm had dealings, asking for employment. That firm sent the letter to Allan, and the matter ended in a war of warm words. Poe, with a determined will, had made up his mind to leave Richmond. Besides the discontent at home, he had learned of the deceit shown in his love affair with Miss Royster, and is reported to have upbraided her parents after his return. There is also a current story that Mrs. Shelton, formerly Miss Royster, created a scene in her household after finding out that Poe's letters had been kept from her. In a matter-of-fact story written by Poe early in 1835 he mentioned that after leaving college he went down to his guardian's country place, and also dipped into the study of the law. He also made a reference to "E—— P——, who swam from Mayo's Bridge to Warwick wharf some years ago." This swimming feat has been frequently mentioned.

In a letter to a Richmond editor in May, 1835, Poe

[1] The attorneys' letters are still preserved in Richmond.

wrote: "The writer seems to compare my swim with that of Lord Byron, whereas there can be no comparison between them. Any swimmer 'in the falls' in my days, would have swum the Hellespont, and thought nothing of the matter. I swam from Ludlam's wharf to Warwick (six miles), in a hot June sun, against one of the strongest tides ever known in the river. It would have been a feat comparatively easy to swim twenty miles in still water. I would not think much of attempting to swim the British Channel from Dover to Calais."

The Allans had a country place in Goochland County, Virginia, called "The Lower Byrd Plantations," which Poe may have visited at some time. But he did not linger long about Virginia. The supposition is that he concluded that London was his "Eldorado," and that whatever literary dreams he had, were beginning to shape themselves. Judge Hughes had the statement from the owner of a vessel trading with Allan's firm that Poe had made an arrangement to work his way to England in his vessel. Allan is said to have been fully aware of this. However, when the time came for Poe to tell his designs to Mrs. Allan, she went into hysterics and would not allow the subject to be mentioned again. Through her entreaty the vessel owner was seen by Allan and the plans abandoned. But it seems that Poe meant to carry out his adventure at all hazards. He is said to have talked the matter over with his companion, Burling, who became enthusiastic and consented to join him in the trip abroad. Burling had become addicted to drink, and a favorite resort of his was an inn kept by Mrs. E. C. Richardson. They both quietly arranged to work their way in a vessel bound for England. The old colored servant, who knew the

secret, told Judge Hughes that he wanted to tell Mrs. Allan, but fear kept him from it. He carried a small bundle of Poe's personal effects from his room to Mrs. Richardson's. Poe and Burling afterwards went there in a hack, spending the night, and leaving early the next morning for the vessel, lying at the dock. During his short stay in Richmond Poe paid some attention to a young lady stopping with Mrs. Juliet J. Drew. The colored servant remembered carrying notes to her there but did not recall her name. After sobering up, Burling deserted at the first stopping point the vessel reached and returned to Richmond. Mrs. Allan had frequent fainting spells after Poe left, and when she learned from Burling that he had gone abroad, she was for weeks inconsolable. She tried to have her husband take steps to have him return, but he never seemed to trouble himself again in the matter. Mrs. Allan wrote Poe two letters, begging him to return and absolving him from all blame in the Allan family matters. Poe's wife guarded these letters with jealous care during her life. When she was about to die she asked that they be read to her. Eliza White, daughter of the founder of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, remembered the incident, and her impression was that the letters had been sent to Poe abroad. She recalled the matter more readily, because she had seen the letters some years previously in Richmond, where Poe's wife had shown them to her family. Mrs. Smith, formerly Miss Herring, Poe's Baltimore cousin and early love, who was about the Poe house at the time Virginia died, told Miss White afterwards that she had the letters.[1]

[1] I have made repeated efforts to locate the papers of Mrs. Smith, who died about 1887, but her nearest relative could give

While it is generally admitted that Poe left Richmond in a sailing vessel, it is disputed that he ever reached England. An argument is that the time, from March to May 26, was insufficient for the events. The "Florida" had a record of a trip in twenty-five days, while other vessels made much quicker time. If the ocean trips had consumed as much time as the "Florida's" records, which is unlikely, there would still have been time for further events. The time to me seems ample. Burling, who left Richmond in the vessel with Poe, told Dr. George W. Rawlings that their destination was England. Judge Hughes is the authority that Burling also informed Mrs. Allan that Poe had gone abroad. Miss Eliza White was of the opinion that the two letters written to Poe by Mrs. Allan were sent to him abroad. Miss Ann Valentine has stated that Poe corresponded with Mrs. Allan while he was in Europe. The second Mrs. Allan has stated in her letter to Colonel T. H. Ellis that Poe's letters were scarce and dated from St. Petersburg, Russia. They may have had other European dates, and being probably familiar with Poe's own legend of his visit to Russia, she was in error.

F. W. Thomas states: "Henry Poe visited his brother in Richmond twice, the last time in 1825. He said Edgar had quarrelled with Mr. Allan after coming from college, about the small allowance of money he was receiving, and left him. He worked his own passage abroad in a vessel, reaching the metropolis of England

me no information. Some poetry written by Poe to Miss Herring, also a copy of his early poems presented to her, were sold some years since. It is likely that the original possessor of this material holds these letters.

after a rough voyage. There he met with disappointment in finding employment, and his funds being low proceeded to Paris, still hoping to find work. What money he had left was taken from him, with the exception of a sum sufficient to pay his passage back to London. Thus left without money and without friends he hurried back to England, where he took passage in a vessel for America, bound for a New England port."

Wherever he sailed in these days, he afterwards displayed in his writings considerable nautical knowledge, and like Camoëns, the poet, he also held on to his manuscript verses, through all his vicissitudes. He met with C. F. S. Thomas in Boston, who published them in his first volume of poems, — "Tamerlane, By A Bostonian. Boston, 1827." The book could not have brought him any money, and only found slight notice. Poe determined to try the army, and enlisted May 26, 1827, at Boston under the name of Edgar A. Perry. He was assigned to Charleston, South Carolina, and one year later transferred to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, where he was appointed Sergeant Major.[1] While at Fortress Monroe, Poe was identified by a relative of Mrs. Allan, who communicated the fact to her. She was ill, and pleaded to see Edgar again. She interested her husband in aiding Poe to secure a discharge. In doing this, however, Allan made sure that Poe was to enter West Point and that he would not trouble him again.

[1] A peculiar fact connected with his army career was an appointment at Charleston, May 1, 1828, as "artificer." The office called for "military mechanics," of some kind, which Poe was never known to possess. The records do not show what duties he performed, or whether he actually displayed mechanical skill in any way.

Mrs. Allan died February 28, 1829, which made a change in Poe's future dreams. In one of the many sadly written letters in the Valentine Museum, Richmond, he refers to his foster mother in the most affectionate terms, and intimates that matters would have taken a different course if she had lived.

While awaiting entry to West Point, Poe still carried his manuscript verses and had begun to revise them. His mind seemed bent on a literary career. After his discharge from the army he went to Baltimore in 1829, and there published his second volume of poems, — "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems." When editing them he sent a notice with some of his verses to the *Yankee* of Boston. He presented his cousin, Elizabeth Herring of Baltimore, with a copy of these poems, which he afterwards used to make the revision of his 1845 edition. He entered West Point in July, 1830, and while there spent a part of his time in again revising his poems. He sent his fourth known publication, "Sonnet — To Science," in October to the Philadelphia *Casket*. He tired of soldier life and obtained his dismissal in March, 1831, by giving offense against discipline. A letter written by him to the Superintendent is on file at the Academy, dated March 10, 1831, asking for a certificate of his standing in his class, and intimating an intention of joining the Polish army. Shortly afterwards he published his third volume of poems, which was not a financial success. He visited Baltimore, and May 6, 1831, wrote a letter to W. Gwynn asking employment.

F. W. Thomas says: "I removed to the country in 1829 and lost sight of Poe's brother. In 1831 I emigrated to Cincinnati, and for some years afterwards

travelled through the West, along the Ohio and Mississippi. On one of these trips of pleasure from Pittsburg to New Orleans in a first-rate steamer, I made the acquaintance of an interesting character named James Tuhey, belonging to the steamer's crew. He possessed more than ordinary musical ability and was especially proficient with the flute. I would sit with him for hours in a quiet corner and listen to his sailor lore. He observed my manuscript as I was writing to a Cincinnati newspaper and wanted to know if I was writing poetry. I told him no. He replied that so much manuscript reminded him of a Baltimore acquaintance named Poe. I thought at once that he had reference to Henry Poe, but soon found that it was Edgar A. Poe he knew. I also learned that Tuhey lived at Fells Point in Baltimore, when I left there, and had only recently come out to the West. He was a native of Ireland. In Baltimore he had an acquaintance with a family named Cairnes. They were some connection of Poe's. At their house he often met Poe.

"Tuhey spoke of him as stopping alternately with one relative, and then another, but later on spending all his time with the widow, Mrs. Clemm. He wrote for the newspapers, but earned small pay. While living with the Cairnes, Poe made the acquaintance of Miss Deveraux, a dark-eyed beauty, whose parents came from Ireland. The family lived near the Cairnes residence and were intimate. They were often seen together and Poe wanted her to marry him at once. She was young and told her parents, who, with the Cairnes, interfered and broke off the affair. Poe became despondent after this and went with Tuhey in a sailing vessel to the coast of Wexford, Ireland, and back. It was on this trip that

Tuhey had seen Poe's manuscript, which mine had recalled to his memory. Before leaving Baltimore in 1834, Tuhey said that he often met Poe at a house on Caroline Street near Wilkes, Fells Point. There Poe would sit in silence for hours listening to sailor stories of the sea, the only interruption being now and then a tune from Tuhey's musical flute."

The Richmond court records show that John Allan was putting his earthly affairs in order, and making his will April 17, 1832. The will was prepared by an able lawyer, but Allan was so fearful that the clauses troubling his conscience might not be carried out, that he rewrote and repeated them himself a second time in the will. It is also said that about this time he occasionally intimated a desire to see Poe, before he died. The supposition is that he had made promises to his first wife concerning Poe, which had not been fulfilled. Poe was in communication with Miss Valentine, sister of the first Mrs. Allan; also had messages from the old Allan servants, and in other ways kept informed of what was going on in the Allan household.

An old printer told me that he carried letters for Poe from Baltimore to Richmond prior to 1835. Poe had heard the rumor that Allan was ill and wanted to see him. He stated to Judge Hughes that with the understanding that Allan wished to see him, and a view of a possible reconciliation, he had gone to Richmond about June, 1832. He had no feeling against Mrs. Allan, and thought that all that was necessary was to go to the old home, and, in any event, find a cordial reception. Instead, he stated, Mrs. Allan refused him admittance, and hindered a meeting between himself and Mr. Allan. He returned to Baltimore without seeing

Allan. The Richmond court records, in the lawsuit to break the will of the second Mrs. Allan, say: "Mrs. Allan was a woman of vigorous intellect and will, remarkable for her self reliance — a woman with likes and dislikes — attachments and resentments — loves and hates — one so self reliant and high spirited that no one dared approach her with any testamentary suggestions." John Allan died March 27, 1834. The terms of his will were not agreeable to his wife, and she rejected them. The second marriage of Allan took place October 5, 1830; Mrs. Allan died April 24, 1881.

Poe took up occasional newspaper work on his return to Baltimore. During these years he also wrote for New York and Philadelphia papers. The supposition is, that in New York he wrote for a newspaper with which Major Noah was associated. In Philadelphia he wrote for Poulson's *American Daily Advertiser* and the Sunday *Mercury*.

In Baltimore there were also days of love-making with his cousin Miss Herring. He read to her, and wrote verses in her album; and his wife Virginia, then a little girl, carried the love letters. The tales Poe sent to the Baltimore *Saturday Morning Visiter*, and his drama, "Politian," were probably prepared during these years. One of them, "Morella," was given by Poe in Baltimore to a neighbor, Mrs. Samuel F. Simmons. The manuscript had been in the possession of her daughter, living in Howard County, Maryland, for many years. It was recently sold by a New York book-auction house. The manuscript is written in the same style, and corresponds with the introduction to "The Tales of the Folio Club," as reproduced in facsimile in Professor G. E. Woodberry's revised Life of Poe. This

tale, it is claimed, was written by Poe some time between 1832 and 1833 in Baltimore, while a frequent visitor at the Simmons house.

On October 12, 1833, Poe was awarded fifty dollars for his prize tale, "MS. Found in a Bottle," by the Baltimore *Saturday Morning Visiter*. His poem "The Coliseum" was well considered, but as he had received the largest prize, the next was given to J. H. Hewitt, editor of the paper. It had been the supposition that Poe sent previous contributions to the *Visiter*, which proved correct, as his poem "Serenade" appeared April 20th, after L. A. Wilmer was editor. Hewitt states that he wrote an unfavorable criticism on Poe's 1829 volume in the *Minerva*, a Baltimore publication he edited, for which Poe assailed him on the street. They were not friendly while he edited the *Visiter*, but afterwards met in Washington on good terms. Wilmer and Poe took long walks together and were intimate in Baltimore and afterwards in Philadelphia. Hewitt also seems to have been unfriendly with Wilmer, who, he says, "measured poetry as he would type, and judged its quality as a gauger would the proof of whiskey."

Hewitt gives an intelligent description of Poe's appearance in the early days. He said that he knew Poe as "a thin, handsome, spare young man. He had a broad forehead, a large magnificent eye, dark brown and rather curly hair; well formed, about five feet seven in height. He dressed neatly in his palmy days — wore Byron collars and a black neckerchief, looking the poet all over. The expression of his face was thoughtful, melancholy, and rather stern. In disposition he was somewhat overbearing and spiteful. He often vented

his spleen on poor Dr. Loffin, who styled himself the 'Milford Bard,' and who outstripped Poe in the quantity of his poetry, if not the quality. I never saw him under the influence of drink or a narcotic but once, and cannot endorse such stories."

The circumstances indicate that Poe was about the newspaper offices in Baltimore at this period and acquainted with the literary characters of the city. Among them was J. P. Kennedy, who introduced him to Carey & Lea of Philadelphia. They were given the first opportunity to publish Poe's tales, but declined them. The tale of "The Visionary," which was among them, was afterwards published in *Godey's Lady's Book* for January, 1834. He contributed tales to the *Southern Literary Messenger* of Richmond, Virginia, early in 1835. His letters to the proprietor of that periodical show that he had sufficient influence with the Baltimore newspapers to have notices of the *Messenger* published which he wrote himself. In a notice of the *Messenger* in the *Broadway Journal* for March 22, 1845, Poe states: "At the beginning of the seventh month (1835), one of the present editors of the *Broadway Journal* made an arrangement to edit the *Messenger*, and by systematic exertion on the part of both publisher and editor the circulation was increased by the end of the subsequent year to nearly five thousand — a success quite unparalleled in the history of our five-dollar Magazines. After the secession of Mr. Poe, Mr. White took the editorial conduct upon his own shoulders and sustained it remarkably well." Poe made another attempt to have his tales published by Harper & Brothers in March, 1836.

On May 16, 1836, Poe was married at Richmond to

his cousin Virginia Eliza Clemm, who was not quite fourteen years old, by Rev. A. Converse, a Presbyterian minister. A previous marriage license was obtained in Baltimore September 22, 1835. His marriage bond is recorded in Richmond. The contributions of Poe to the *Southern Literary Messenger* show that he was an industrious editor, although at the start occasionally over-indulging in drink. J. W. Fergusson, an apprentice on the *Messenger*, who lived to a ripe old age, and who was afterwards one of the proprietors, has left with me his written recollections of Poe. He says that "like others in his day Poe was addicted to periodical sprees, but they did not interfere to any extent with his writings." Mr. Fergusson, who visited the residence of T. W. White, also Mrs. Bernard, a daughter of White's, both in a position to know, stated that they never knew of any flirtation between Poe and Eliza White, as has been intimated. They were never more than friends. This has also been confirmed by Mrs. Clemm.

In the December, 1835, *Messenger*, Poe in a notice of Chief Justice Marshall, whom he met in the early days at church with Mrs. Allan, spoke of him as: "Our great and lamented countryman, fellow-townsman, neighbor, and friend — for by all these names did a fortuitous conjuncture of circumstances, including his own kind and prideless heart, entitle us to call him." While Poe labored at the editorial desk of the *Messenger*, White the proprietor travelled about Virginia for subscriptions. The list of subscribers increased, but likewise the expense account. Poe was ambitious, and thought that he was entitled to more salary, or a proprietary interest in the journal, but White did not feel inclined to offer either. Poe was also becoming very solicitous

for the publication of his tales, and anxious to be nearer the larger publication houses.

After the Harpers returned the manuscript of his tales he began a correspondence with Saunders & Otley of New York.[1] They read his manuscript and seemed disposed to become his publishers here and in England, but at the moment could not take upon themselves to decide for their paternal house abroad. They were also anxious to have the finished manuscript of the tales in order to send out by the next packet. Poe sent his friend Edward W. Johnson of the South Carolina College, who was in New York, to see the firm. His letter of October 4, 1836, stated that he had informed the firm "that the writing of the tales in their final form had yet made too little progress to render so speedy a transmission of the copy possible, and that as the months of November and December are the most advantageous in European publication they had better send back the MS. in their hands, which may be found important in the rapid finishing of the work. This the firm promised to do at once through Smith the bookseller, or the regular mode of conveyance." Johnson advised Poe to send back the finished MS. with all possible expedition, in time for one of the earliest packets. This matter is important as showing that at so late a date Poe's tales in hand were far from being considered finished or complete.

At this time Poe was in correspondence with Dr. F. L. Hawks, who held out some prospects for employment on the *New York Review*, to which Poe afterwards made one contribution.[2]

[1] MS. from Poe's *Southern Literary Messenger* desk.

[2] I have copies of the *Southern Literary Messenger* from the Hawks library with the address in Poe's autograph.

Poe seceded from the *Messenger* in January, 1837, and went to New York. Here the financial panic of the time changed his plans. The family were compelled to take boarders, and Poe eked out a living doing literary hack work. In the *American Monthly Magazine* for June, 1837, he published the tale "Mystification," as "Von Jung, the Mystific." He completed his tale, begun in the *Messenger*, the "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," which the Harpers published in July, 1838, but it brought him no financial help. He had made the acquaintance of an English writer of juvenile books, James Pedder, who interested himself in his welfare and arranged for the family to go to Philadelphia. Pedder edited the *Farmer's Cabinet* of Philadelphia, in the making up of which Poe is thought to have rendered some assistance. It is stated that the family resided with the Pedders for a brief period. That Poe felt grateful to them is evident from the fact that one of the first copies of his *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque* from the press of Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1840, was given to the "Misses Pedders with his grateful acknowledgments." The volumes were recently sold at a book-auction sale. It is also stated that Pedder arranged with Poe to get out *The Conchologist's First Book ; or, a System of Testaceous Malacology*, published by Haswell, Barrington & Haswell, Philadelphia, 1839. It was charged that this was largely a reprint of Captain Thomas Brown's *Conchology*, which Poe denied. A second edition, with a new preface, additions, and alterations, was issued by Poe in 1840, and a third, without his name on the title-page, in 1845. In his criticisms in the *Messenger* Poe shows early knowledge on this subject. The Baltimore *Museum*

for September, 1838, contained "Ligeia," followed by "How to Write a Blackwood Article (The Signora Psyche Zenobia)" and "A Predicament (The Scythe of Time)," in December; "Literary Small Talk," in January and February, and the poem "The Haunted Palace" in April. The *Baltimore Book* for 1839 printed "Siope (Silence)." "The Devil in the Belfry" appeared in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Chronicle and Mirror of the Times*, May 8. He had also contributed one short article to the Pittsburg *Literary Examiner and Western Monthly Review*.

In July, 1839, Poe began to edit *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, and to this magazine he contributed many of his writings, including "The Journal of Julius Rodman." He made numerous compilations of various articles, Field sports, and published "The Philosophy of Furniture." As was his habit in making up "Marginalia" for the *Messenger*, he arranged matter here under the heading:

"OMNIANA.

Every thing by starts, but nothing *long*.
Dryden.

various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
Cowper."

His correspondence with Dr. J. E. Snodgrass while editing the magazine gives an intimate view of his life for this period. The Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Chronicle and Mirror of the Times*, June 13, 1840, announced that Poe would publish, the following January, a new magazine, — *The Penn Magazine*. His illness was mentioned as the reason for the postponement of this publication until March, 1841.

In the December *Casket* Poe published "The Man of the Crowd." The *Saturday Evening Post*, February 20, 1841, announced that on account of the disturbance in money matters *The Penn Magazine* would not be published, but that Poe would assume the editorial chair of *Graham's Magazine*, which he did in April. He however continued to cherish hopes of getting out his *Penn Magazine*, which he considered "only scotched, not killed." He gave much earnest work to *Graham's*, and contributed to the magazine some of his best writings. He wrote on the subject of cryptography, which attracted attention, and began to show his analytical powers. In a letter from F. W. Thomas in May, 1841, some possibilities of a government position at a good salary, with leisure for literary labors, was hinted to Poe. The idea haunted him for several years, but nothing ever materialized.

In August, 1841, Poe made a proposition to Lea & Blanchard to publish a second edition of his tales of 1840, which they rejected. Poe resigned from *Graham's Magazine* in May, 1842, and was succeeded by R. W. Griswold.

F. W. Thomas states: "I met Poe in Philadelphia during September, 1842. He lived in a rural home on the outskirts of the city. His house was small, but comfortable inside for one of the kind. The rooms looked neat and orderly, but everything about the place wore an air of pecuniary want. Although I arrived late in the morning Mrs. Clemm, Poe's mother-in-law, was busy preparing for his breakfast. My presence possibly caused some confusion, but I noticed that there was delay and evident difficulty in procuring the meal. His wife entertained me. Her manners were

agreeable and graceful. She had well formed, regular features, with the most expressive and intelligent eyes I ever beheld. Her pale complexion, the deep lines in her face and a consumptive cough made me regard her as the victim for an early grave. She and her mother showed much concern about Eddie, as they called Poe, and were anxious to have him secure work. I afterwards learned from Poe that he had been to New York in search of employment and had also made effort to get out an edition of his tales, but was unsuccessful.

"When Poe appeared his dark hair hung carelessly over his high forehead, and his dress was a little slovenly. He met me cordially, but was reserved, and complained of feeling unwell. His pathetic tenderness and loving manners towards his wife greatly impressed me. I was not long in observing with deep regret that he had fallen again into habits of intemperance. I ventured to remonstrate with him. He admitted yielding to temptation to drink while in New York and turned the subject off by telling an amusing dialogue of Lucian, the Greek writer. We visited the city together and had an engagement for the following day. I left him sober, but he did not keep the engagement and wrote me that he was ill."

There are more pleasant reminiscences of his home life in Philadelphia recorded than this. While he edited *Graham's Magazine* the family exercised a simple hospitality. They entertained guests, had sufficient means to live upon, and Poe was temperate in his habits. His wife ruptured a blood vessel later on; he gave up his position, and has told in his letters how during this period he had recourse to drink to drown his sorrows.

Poe had several interviews with Charles Dickens in Philadelphia, and at this time corresponded with Thomas Holley Chivers, James Russell Lowell, and John Tomlin.

After the turn of 1843, Poe became closely associated with the Philadelphia *Saturday Museum*. In this paper he published a severe criticism on Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, for which it is said Griswold never forgave him. F. W. Thomas states: "Poe kept up a continuous warfare upon Griswold in the *Museum*, poking fun at him, and alluding to him as Mr. Driswold of *Graham's Magazine*, in childish humor."

In a letter to Lowell in March, 1843, Poe stated that he was not editing the *Museum*, although an announcement was prematurely made to that effect. This has never been clearly understood, as no file of the *Museum* can be found. F. W. Thomas states that the *Museum* announced: "We have secured at a high salary the services of E. A. Poe, Esq., a gentleman whose high and versatile abilities have always spoken for themselves, and who after the first of May will aid us in the editorial conduct of the journal." In a letter written to Thomas by Poe, February 25, 1843, it is stated that a copy of the *Museum* containing his Biography was also forwarded. As the only copy of this Biography known, presumed to have been Poe's own, and made up of pasted clippings, is of March 4, 1843, it has puzzled Poe's editors to understand how Poe sent a copy of the paper of a week earlier, as the letter indicated.

Mr. Thomas states that the biography of Poe in the *Museum* had a second edition, which that paper announced as follows: "*The Spirit of the Times* of Friday says,'The Saturday *Museum* of this week contains a very

fair likeness of our friend Edgar A. Poe, Esq., with a full account of his truly eventful life. We look upon Mr. Poe as one of the most powerful, chaste, and erudite writers of the day, and it gives us pleasure to see him placed through the public press in his proper position before the world.'

"We are glad to hear so good a paper as the *Times* speak thus highly of Mr. Poe, not only from the justice which it renders that powerful writer, but because we have been so fortunate as to secure his services as associate editor of the Saturday *Museum*, where we intend it shall be placed beyond the reach of competition. So great was the interest excited by the biography and poems of Mr. Poe published in the *Museum* of last week, that to supply those who were disappointed in obtaining copies we shall be at the expense of an extra edition, which will be printed with corrections and additions. Of this extra we shall publish an edition on fine white paper. It will be ready for delivery at the office Saturday morning."

In a later *Museum* sent to Thomas by Poe it was stated under the heading, "Quick Perception": "We have published in the biographical sketch of Mr. Poe some evidences of the wonderful power which his mind possesses in deciphering the most complicated and difficult questions. We have another striking instance of the exercise of this power. *The Spirit of the Times* copied the following puzzle a few days since. A Nice Puzzle. The Baltimore *Sun* gives the following oddity and asks for its solution. [Here follows an array of mixed words and letters.] The moment it met our eye happening to be in company with Mr. Poe we pointed out the article, when he immediately gave us the solution."

The prospectus of the *Stylus*, another magazine, was issued through the columns of the *Museum*. With a view of securing subscribers to the magazine, and with some hopes of hearing something further about the government position, Poe went to Washington in March, 1843. F. W. Thomas states: "Poe sent me the notes for the *Museum* biography, but I evaded writing them. I told him afterwards that I knew more of his history than he had sent me. He was amused, and laughed the matter off by confessing that the story was intended to help the magazine project. I was confined to my room by sickness when Poe came to Washington early in 1843. He was sober when I saw him, but afterward in the company of old friends he drank to excess. My physician attended him for several days, and he suffered much from his indiscretion." Poe wrote a letter March 16, 1843, that he arrived home in Philadelphia "in safety and sober." In June he won the hundred-dollar prize with his tale "The Gold-Bug" from the *Dollar Newspaper*. He asked Griswold to send him five dollars and to come to see him June 11, as stated in Griswold's memoir. With a view of raising funds he contemplated the publication of his tales in serial form, but only one number was issued.

This was published about the last of August, 1843, — "The Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe. No. 1. The Murders of the Rue Morgue and The Man that was Used Up, 1843. Philadelphia: Published by William H. Graham." Poe sent a notice of this to a New York magazine early in September, with the latter tale included. It was about this time that he made an attempt upon the lecture platform, which proved a failure. After Griswold withdrew from *Graham's*, Poe

began to contribute to the critical department. He had a review of "Orion" in the March, 1844, number, and after that had a correspondence with the author R. H. Horne, to whom he sent his tale "The Spectacles" with a view of publication in England.

Poe went to New York early in April, 1844. On his arrival he wrote to Mrs. Clemm a letter dated "April 7, (just after breakfast)," which shows interesting characteristics of his domestic life. In this letter he mentions the "Duane" *Southern Literary Messengers*. He used them in preparing his tales of 1840. I found the volumes some years ago in an old Boston second-hand book-shop. His "Balloon Hoax" appeared in the New York *Sun* April 13, 1844. He corresponded with Lowell in May regarding the writing of his biography for *Graham's*. In June he wrote a letter to Charles Anthon asking his influence to induce the Harpers to publish his tales in five volumes. This matter was delayed until the fall, and Anthon replied that he was unable to assist him. The *Columbian Magazine* for August had a paper by Poe on "Mesmeric Revelation." Shortly afterwards he was engaged as an assistant by N. P. Willis, who was converting the *New Mirror* into a daily, the *Evening Mirror*. He had been contributing to *Godey's*, *Graham's*, and the *Southern Literary Messenger* and *Democratic Review*

"The Raven" first appeared in the *Evening Mirror* on January 29, 1845. F. W. Thomas says: "Poe stated that 'The Raven' was written in a day. The idea of having it appear anonymously was a whim of his, like Coleridge's publication of his 'Raven.' He afterwards thought it a mistake, and conceived the idea of having it introduced in Willis's paper with his name. Poe read all the older English poets with fondness, and his name

of Quarles merely had reference in his mind to the old English poet." It has been stated that "The Raven" was printed from advance sheets of the *American Whig Review*, which may have been the case, but in such an event Poe handled the proof and made corrections. The two publications show a number of deviations. On May 4, 1845, Poe wrote F. W. Thomas that "The Raven" was copied into the *Broadway Journal* by Briggs, his associate, before he joined the paper. Poe had some idea of having his poems published by Clarke of London, which were to be introduced by Griswold. He made an announcement in the *Mirror* of February 15, 1845, that the poems would shortly appear in the series, with other American poets. The sketch of Poe written by Lowell, with a portrait, appeared in the February *Graham's Magazine*. On February 28 Poe lectured in New York on the subject of "American Poetry." He resigned from the *Mirror* March 8, and in the issue of that journal for the same date appeared the answer to Poe's Longfellow criticisms signed, "Outis." On this date C. F. Briggs also wrote in a letter that Poe was his assistant on the *Broadway Journal*. The *Southern Literary Messenger* for April, 1845, announced: "Literary Criticisms: E. A. Poe, Esq. We have engaged the services of Mr. Poe; who will contribute monthly a *critique raisonnée* of the most important forthcoming works in this Country and in Europe." Poe had contributed "The Raven" in a revised form to the *Messenger* in March. B. B. Minor, editor of the *Messenger*, stated to me that he had an arrangement with John Biscoe, publisher of the *Broadway Journal*, to take subscriptions in New York; that there had been some dispute about the amount due Poe by the *Messenger*, and

Biscoe paid Poe without authority, never making the *Messenger* any returns. Poe did not contribute to the *Messenger* again until J. R. Thompson became editor.

The *Mirror* of July 19, 1845, gave seven entire pages to an event in New York City, which must have been considered of importance, in which Poe figured prominently. He had at some time previously had a disagreement with H. T. Tuckerman, but they met again on this occasion and renewed their friendship.[1] It was the commencement exercises of Rutgers Female Institute, which took place July 11, when the Rutgers Street Church was crowded. The committee on the composition of the First Department consisted of Edgar A. Poe, Chairman, W. D. Snodgrass, and Henry T. Tuckerman. The first award in poetry was given to a poem, of a little over one hundred lines, beginning, —

"Deep in a glade by trees o'erhung."

This poem was afterwards read to the audience by Poe. On the stage with Poe were Professor Tellkampf, Professor Lewis, Professor Elias Loomis, Dr. J. W. Francis, and other men of eminence. His "Tales" (By Edgar A. Poe. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845) were published the latter part of June.

In the *Broadway Journal* of October 11, in answer to some comments by Willis regarding the Tales, Poe replied "that he was not preparing another edition for England; that his 'Tales' had been reproduced in England — long ago, but he had nothing to do with the reproduction; that if he was to issue another edition,

[1] Mentioned in a letter of Charles Fenno Hoffman to Griswold, July 11, 1845: *Passages from the Correspondence and other Papers of R. W. Griswold* (Cambridge, Mass., 1898), p. 186.

instead of 'Tales' he would style them 'The Gold-Bug and Other Tales.'" Poe's habit of apologizing for errors committed was not confined to his letters. In the *Broadway Journal* for August 30, 1845, he wrote: "We thank the New-York correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* for the gentlemanly tone of his reply to some late pettish comments of our own. We saw only a portion of one of his letters. Had we seen more, we should at once, through the precision and purity of his style, have recognized a friend." R. H. Stoddard, one of Poe's later biographers, sent a poem, "The Grecian Flute," to the *Broadway Journal*. In the issue of July 26, Poe stated: "We fear we have mislaid the poem," and August 2: "We doubt the originality of 'The Grecian Flute' for the reason that it is too good at some points to be so bad at others. Unless the author can reassure us we decline it." This is not in full accord with statements of the affair afterwards published by Stoddard, who also failed to tell that on another occasion he wrote to Poe for his autograph. On October 16, Poe read his boyish poem, "Al Aaraaf," before the Boston Lyceum, which incident provoked much comment and criticism at the time.

In the *Broadway Journal* Poe revised and published most of his tales and poems. His romantic acquaintance with Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood began while he edited this journal. He had eulogized her in his New York lecture and sent her by Willis a copy of "The Raven," with a desire for her opinion and a personal introduction. A few days after this he called at the Astor House with Willis to meet her. In a letter written to Griswold she said: "I shall never forget the morning when I was summoned to the drawing room by Mr. Willis to receive him. With his proud and beautiful

head erect, his dark eyes flashing with the electric light of feeling and of thought, a peculiar, an inimitable blending of sweetness and hauteur in his manner, he greeted me, calmly, gravely, almost coldly, yet with so marked an earnestness that I could not help being deeply impressed by it. From that moment until his death we were friends; although we met only during the first year of our acquaintance."

Previous biographies of Poe state that Mrs. Osgood sent some lines in the character of "Israfel" addressed to Poe, which appeared in the *Broadway Journal* April 5, 1845, to which he responded, April 26, with his lines "To F——," and signed "E." The "Israfel" verses by Mrs. Osgood did not appear in the *Broadway Journal* until November 29. In that journal's issue of April 5 is printed a poem, "The Rivulet's Dream" (From the German of Somebody), signed Kate Carol, preceded by a Poe note stating: "We might *guess* who is the fair author of the following lines, which have been sent us in a MS., evidently disguised — but we are not satisfied with guessing and would give the world to *know*." In the following week's issue appeared a poem signed by Mrs. Osgood, — "Love's Reply," concluding "write from your *heart to me*." She used the pseudonym of "Kate Carol," and also included this poem of "The Rivulet's Dream" in her later publications. Poe published, April 26, his lines "To F——," signed "E.," conjecturally to Mrs. Osgood. In the Editorial Miscellany of the same number Poe printed "Impromptu. To Kate Carol."

> "When from your gems of thought I turn
> To those pure orbs, your heart to learn,
> I scarce know which to prize most high —
> The bright *i-dea*, or bright *dear-eye*."

On May 31 is published a poem, "Lenore," signed "Clarice," which Poe attributed to Mrs. Osgood December 13. This was followed by a signed poem by Mrs. Osgood, August 30, "Slander," referring to the "breaking of somebody's heart." She sent another poem, September 6, "Echo Song," commencing, —

> "I know a noble heart that beats
> For one it loves how 'wildly well!'"

It was to this that Poe evidently responded, September 13, with his short lines "To F——," afterwards addressed in his poems of 1845 "To F——s S. O——d." She wrote again November 22, with lines beginning, —

> "O! they never can know that heart of thine,
> Who dare accuse *thee* of flirtation!"

The following week's issue contained her "Israfel" verses. Her contributions after this take a more serious turn. On December 13 she has "A Shipwreck," followed in the next by some scolding verses commencing, —

> "Though friends had warned me all the while,
> And blamed my willing blindness,
> I did not once mistrust your smiles,
> Or doubt your tones of kindness.
>
> "I sought you not — you came to me —
> With words of friendly greeting:
> Alas! how different now I see
> That ill-starred moment's meeting."

These were her last verses in the *Broadway Journal*, but she sent some lines to the *Metropolitan* about Poe in January, 1849, and published others, in her volume of poems, prior to her death.

The *Broadway Journal* also contains contributions

from Anne C. Lynch, Mary E. Hewett, Mary L. Lawson, and Elizabeth Fries Ellet.

Poe afterwards met Mrs. Osgood at the weekly receptions of Anne Charlotte Lynch in Waverley Place, and his lines "A Valentine" were addressed to her. She has intimated that her influence over Poe was for his good, and that she corresponded with him at his wife's request. Mrs. E. F. Ellet while visiting the Poe home saw one of these letters couched in rather endearing terms. She consulted with Mrs. Osgood and some of her friends, and a committee of Margaret Fuller and one other was deputized to recall all her letters. Poe was surprised when they called and stated their errand, and in the flush of excitement remarked that "Mrs. Ellet should look after her own letters," which only added fuel to the flame of scandal. Mrs. Ellet's brother demanded her letters from Poe, who in the mean time had left them at her door. Mrs. Osgood was on her deathbed when she wrote Griswold: "I think no one could know him — no one has known him personally — certainly no woman — without feeling the same interest. I can sincerely say that, although I have frequently heard of aberrations on his part from 'the straight and narrow path,' I have never seen him otherwise than gentle, generous, well bred, and fastidiously refined. To a sensitive and delicately-nurtured woman there was a peculiar and irresistible charm in the chivalric, graceful, and almost tender reverence with which he invariably approached all women who won his respect. It was this that first commanded and always retained my regard for him."

From October, when Poe borrowed fifty dollars from Horace Greeley on a promissory note, with which to

purchase the full control of the *Broadway Journal*, he had a hard struggle to sustain the paper. He was harassed for ready funds, and compelled to discontinue December 26, 1845. About this time his volume of poems, *The Raven and Other Poems*, was issued. During the latter part of this year he also worked getting out books, among them *The Literary Emporium* and the third edition of his *Conchologist's First Book*. At the turn of the year 1846, Poe had little in sight to cheer him, except his literary reputation. The publication of "The Raven," his connection with the *Broadway Journal*, followed by the publication of the two volumes of his writings, had made him much sought after in certain social and literary circles of New York. He was for a time a literary lion. At an earlier period in his career he wrote in the *Messenger* how he arrived at a "Lionship," by his attention to "Nosology." Then his experiences were published as "Some Passages in the Life of a Lion." He had not forgotten this, and being in need of funds, as one of his recent biographers has facetiously implied, he began to "make copy out of his friends." "The Literati of New York" was published in *Godey's Lady's Book* from May to October, attracting much attention and comment. In the introduction Poe stated: "My design is, in giving my unbiased opinion of the *literati* (male and female) of New York, to give at the same time very closely, if not with absolute accuracy, that of conversational society in literary circles. It must be expected, of course, that, in innumerable particulars, I shall differ from the voice, that is to say, what appears to be the voice, of the public; but this is a matter of no consequence whatever." The papers numbered thirty-eight and were

thought to complete the series. Another number not mentioned by Poe's editors appeared in the *Democratic Review* for August, 1848, on S. Anna Lewis. The criticisms made while the papers were being published in *Godey's* apparently caused Poe to be cautious. An examination of the original manuscript he sent to *Godey's* shows that he made many changes in his proofs. In some instances entire pages are erased and omitted from the printed text. The passages struck out have mainly an irreligious tone.

An installment of "Marginalia" printed in the *Democratic Review* for July, 1846, has also been overlooked by most of Poe's editors. This deals with a French translation of Lady Morgan's *Letters on Italy; Decline of the Drama; The Alphadelphia Tocsin;* Simms's *Areytos;* Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*, and Cranch's poems. In view of the discussion as to Poe's knowledge of German, it is of interest that in his notice of the *Sorrows of Werther*, he said: "The title is mistranslated:—*Lieden* does not mean *Sorrows*, but *Sufferings*."[1]

While Poe sent occasional contributions to other magazines, his main source of revenue at this period was *Godey's*. The number of drafts drawn on *Godey's* by Poe, which now turn up as autographic mementoes of the poet, indicate that he drew his pay punctually. In Griswold's volume of *The Literati*, 1850, appears an interesting Poe notice of Henry B. Hirst. It contains lines quoted from both "Lenore" and "Ulalume." The text of this has eluded search until recently, when the manuscript was called to my attention among the papers of the late E. C. Stedman. It had been sent to *Graham's Magazine*, but was not published.

[1] Poe's spelling of "Leiden" is incorrect. He also has "Werter" for Werther.

Miss Sarah F. Miller, long a resident of the Bronx, New York, gives the following recollections of the Poe family at this time: —

"One of the most cherished memories of my earliest childhood is the recollection of having often seen Edgar Allan Poe. When I was a little girl we lived in a house facing Turtle Bay, on the East River, near the present 47th Street. Among our nearest neighbors was a charming family trio consisting of Mr. Poe, his wife Virginia, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm. Poor Virginia Poe was very ill at the time, and I never saw her leave her home.

"Poe and Mrs. Clemm would very frequently call on us. He would also run over every little while to ask my father to lend him our rowboat, and then how he would enjoy himself pulling at the oars over to the little islands just south of Blackwell's Island, for his afternoon swim.

"Mrs. Clemm and my mother soon became the best of friends, and she found mother a sympathetic listener to all her sad tales of poverty and want. I would often see her shedding tears as she talked. In the midst of this friendship they came and told us they were going to move to a distant place called Fordham, where they had rented a little cottage, feeling sure the pure country air would do Mrs. Poe a world of good."

It was very late in the spring when Poe and his family retired to the cottage at Fordham. Mrs. Gove-Nichols wrote to the *Sixpenny Magazine*, February, 1863, of a visit made to Poe about this time, as follows: —

"We found him, and his wife, and his wife's mother — who was his aunt — living in a little cottage at the top of a hill. There was an acre or two of greensward,

fenced in about the house, as smooth as velvet and as clean as the best kept carpet. There were some grand old cherry trees in the yard, that threw a massive shade around them. The house had three rooms — a kitchen, a sitting-room, and a bed-chamber over the sitting-room. There was a piazza in front of the house. The sitting-room was laid out with check matting; four chairs, a light stand and a hanging book-shelf completed the furniture. On the book-shelf there lay a volume of Poe's poems. He took it down, wrote my name in it, and gave it to me."

Poe appears to have kept a supply of his poems of 1845 on hand, and made many presentation copies. They have frequently turned up at book-auction sales and in other ways since his death. He presented Mrs. Shew with one at Fordham, which was sold by a London bookseller some years ago. This was said to have slight changes made in the text by Poe, which is an error. Poe tore out a leaf from a volume of the poems to send Mrs. Whitman the early poem of "Helen," and also presented her with a volume which is now in a New York private library. He also sent a copy of his poems to Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett (afterwards Mrs. Browning), who wrote him a letter in April, 1846, in which she stated: "Your 'Raven' has produced a sensation, a 'fit horror,' here in England. Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it and some by the music. I hear of persons haunted by the 'Nevermore,' and one acquaintance of mine who has the misfortune of possessing a 'bust of Pallas' never can bear to look at it in the twilight. I think you will like to be told that our great poet Mr. Browning, the author of 'Paracelsus' and the 'Bells and Pomegranates,' was struck much

by the rhythm of that poem. Then there is a tale of yours, which is going the rounds of the newspapers, about mesmerism, throwing us all into 'most admired disorder,' and dreadful doubts as to whether 'it can be true,' as the children say of ghost stories. The certain thing in the tale in question is the power of the writer, and the faculty he has of making horrible improbabilities seem near and familiar." Very many associations of the poet cling around the Fordham cottage. Although he struggled here with poverty, and both he and his wife were ill, the quiet retreat gave him much pleasure. He was in communication in August with P. P. Cooke about his biography, which appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for January, 1848. It was styled "Edgar A. Poe. An estimate of his literary merits. By P. P. Cooke," and stated: "The following paper is a sequel to Mr. Lowell's memoir (so called), of Mr. Poe, published two or three years since in *Graham's Magazine*. Mr. P. edited the *Messenger* for several years, and the pages of that Magazine would seem therefore a proper place for the few hurried observations which I have made upon his writings and genius." The article was largely a review of the "Raven," the "Valdemar Case," "Ligeia," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "Lenore." The concluding remarks, probably inspired by Poe, were as follows: "As regards Wiley & Putnam's tales — I think the book in some respects does him injustice. It contains twelve tales out of more than seventy; and it is made up almost wholly of what may be called his analytic tales. This is not *representing* the author's mind in its various phases. A reader gathering his knowledge of Mr. Poe from this Wiley & Putnam issue would perceive nothing

of the diversity and variety for which his writings are in fact remarkable. Only the publication of all his stories, at one issue, in one book, would show this diversity in their *full* force; but much more might have been done to represent his mind by a judicious and not wholly one-toned selection."

Poe was also in correspondence at this time with William Gilmore Simms and Hawthorne. His letters show his great solicitude for his wife, who was slowly dying. It was while the *Literati Papers* were running that Poe made some facetious remarks about the poet, Thomas Dunn English, referring to him as Thomas Done Brown. English retaliated in a newspaper article. Poe replied and finally brought suit for damages, and on February 17, 1847, recovered damages of $225.[1] It was Poe's intention eventually to publish his *Literati Papers;* and the original memoranda for the prospectus of the *Living Writers of America*, entirely in his autograph, were in the library of the late Bishop Hurst, which was dispersed at auction in March, 1905. They were written on four pages of folio paper and on four pages of smaller size, with many alterations and erasures by Poe. The title on the first page was: "The Living Writers of America. Some Honest Opinions about their Literary Merits, with Occasional Words of Personality. By Edgar A. Poe. With Notices of the Author by James Russell Lowell & P. P. Cooke." He commenced with a reference to the Godey publications, and said the publisher was badgered into giving

[1] An unpublished letter written by Poe to J. M. Fields, editor of the St. Louis *Reveille*, dated June 15, 1846, giving an account of the English matter in the New York *Mirror* was among the papers of the late E. C. Stedman.

it up. He speaks of the English attack and says: "Success induced me to extend the plan . . . discard petty animosities — it will be seen that where through petulance or neglect, or underestimate of the impression the papers were to make, I have done injustice, I have not scrupled to repair the wrong, even at the expense of consistency. . . . Political sectional animosities . . . result a depreciation of Southern and Western talent, which upon the whole is greater, more vivid, fresher, than that of the North, less conventional, less conservative — want of centralisation gives birth to a peculiar cliquism whose separate penchants render it nearly impossible to get at the truth — Instance the Humanity clique — to which belong Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Godwin, Fuller, Mrs. Child, Whittier — and who judge all literature in accordance with its hobby." There is much of the matter personal and about his literary work; also notes on prominent literary characters of his day, with trenchant criticisms.

In some correspondence with E. A. Duyckinck in November, 1845, Poe mentions his *American Parnassus*, and the supposition is that he had made a work along this same line at that time, or this may have been the same work revised. Mrs. Gove, who visited the Poe family in October, found them in destitute circumstances, and with a view of rendering aid introduced Mrs. M. L. Shew. Some notice of the family's condition was published in the newspapers, and a contribution of sixty dollars was raised. Poe wrote an open letter December 30, 1846, endeavoring to modify the humiliating publications. With the turn of the year 1847 his wife began to sink. Mrs. Shew had proven the ministering angel to the household. She was in con-

stant attendance, and Poe in his gratitude wrote her a number of letters. He also wrote her two poems. Mrs. William Wiley, a daughter of Mrs. Shew now residing at Long Island, remembers many pleasant reminiscences of Poe told her by her mother. It was at her house that he wrote an early draft of the "Bells," the manuscript of which, it is claimed, Mrs. Shew sent to England, with other material as a loan. This was afterwards sold, but is now in this country. When Mrs. Wiley was a schoolgirl and was given some lessons on Poe by her teacher, her mother gave her this manuscript to show to her teacher.

Poe's wife died January 30, 1847. She was buried at Fordham, but her remains were afterwards reinterred in the same plot with Poe at Baltimore. After his wife's death Poe was very ill, which was mentioned by Cooke in the *Messenger* for January, 1848. He was cared for by Mrs. Clemm and Mrs. Shew, while other friends raised funds for his support. After some months Poe began to recover, and Mrs. Shew, having other important engagements, took leave of the family and advised Poe to marry a "sensible woman." When he was able to go about again, he spent some time planning his prose poem — "Eureka." In the March *Home Journal* it was announced that Poe would soon publish *The Authors of America, in Prose and Verse*, but nothing more was heard of this. It was probably his *American Parnassus*, which was finally changed to the *Living Writers of America*. His poem "Ulalume" was published at the close of the year. In the early part of 1848 he had some correspondence looking towards the revival of his scheme of publishing the *Stylus*. He delivered a lecture in the hall of the So-

ciety Library, New York, in February, on the "Cosmogony of the Universe." His volume *Eureka* was published in New York in the summer. His own copy of this was also in the Bishop Hurst library sale. This volume was sent after Poe's death by a relative to Griswold, who wrote his name and the remark that it was "Poe's private copy" on the first end paper. It is marked throughout with penciled additions and alterations. A note in Poe's hand on the last leaf has caused some comment. It reads: "The pain of the consideration that we shall lose our identity, ceases at once when we further reflect that the process, as above described, is, neither more nor less than that of the absorption, by each individual intelligence, of all other intelligences (that is, of the Universe) into its own. That God may be all in all, each must become God." Poe embodied some of his ideas in *Eureka* in an article in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1839, which is headed "An Opinion on Dreams." This stated: "Various opinions have been hazarded concerning dreams — whether they have any connection with the invisible and eternal world or not; and it appears to me, the reason why nothing like a definite conclusion has yet been arrived at, is from the circumstance of the arguers never making any distinction between *Mind* and soul, always speaking of them as one and the same. I believe man to be in himself a Trinity, viz. Mind, Body, and Soul; and thus with dreams, some induced by the mind, and some by the soul. Those connected with the mind, I think proceed partly from supernatural and partly from natural causes; those of the soul I believe are of the immaterial world alone." The remainder of the article endeavors to show how the soul's dream and

that of the mind are distinguishable; and whether sometimes, or often, they are not both at the same moment bearing their part in the nocturnal vision. It was early in 1848 when Poe wrote the first draft of the "Bells," which he sent to *Sartain's Union Magazine,* but it did not find publication. He also contributed "Marginalia" and "Fifty Suggestions" to *Graham's*, and a "Sonnet" to the *Union Magazine.*

In July Poe went to Lowell and lectured on the "Poetic Principle." There he made the acquaintance of the Richmond family. Mrs. Richmond was "his Annie." His descriptions in "Landor's Cottage" are said to correspond with his first visit to the Richmond home, and in writing this story he is presumed to have had the Richmond cottage in mind; in fact, he has left a written statement that the tale has something of "Annie" in it. In the light of Poe's later love affairs this is interesting. He says: "As no bell was discernible, I rapped with my stick against the door, which stood half open. Instantly a figure advanced to the threshold — that of a young woman about twenty-eight years of age — slender, or rather slight, and somewhat above the medium height. As she approached, with a certain *modest decision* of step altogether indescribable, I said to myself, 'Surely here I have found the perfection of natural, in contradiction from artificial *grace.*' The second impression which she made on me, but by far the more vivid of the two, was that of *enthusiasm.* So intense an expression of *Romance*, perhaps I should call it, or of unworldliness, as that which gleamed from her deep-set eyes, had never so sunk into my heart of hearts before. I know not how it is, but this peculiar expression of the eye, wreathing

itself occasionally into the lips, is the most powerful, if not absolutely the *sole* spell, which rivets my interest in woman. '*Romance*,' provided my readers fully comprehend what I would here imply by the word 'romance,' and 'womanliness' seem to me convertible terms: and, after all, what man truly *loves* in woman is, simply, her *womanhood*. The eyes of Annie (I heard some one from the interior call her 'Annie, darling!') were 'spiritual gray'; her hair, a light chestnut: this is all I had time to observe of her." It was only a few months afterwards when he published his lines "To ——," giving another romantic description of his first meeting with Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, — "His Helen of a thousand dreams."

In July Poe went to Richmond, Virginia, on a lecture tour. It is singular that no newspaper notice of his arrival, his departure, nor mention of this visit can be found in that city. As he wrote to Snodgrass of the earlier days in Richmond, he gave way again "to the temptations held out by the spirit of Southern conviviality." This was Poe's failing, for whenever he listened to the voice of the tempter, he usually succumbed — a glass of wine or cider causing a protracted spree. His visit to the MacKenzie family, where his sister Rosalie resided, was brief, and he spent most of his time among the newspaper fraternity. His early child-love, Miss Poitiaux, has stated that he was refused admittance at her home when he called on this visit, because of his condition. In a letter of John R. Thompson to Patterson, dated November 9, 1849, in reply to inquiries concerning Poe, he wrote "that his acquaintance began in the Spring of 1848. That he had heard of Poe being on a de-

bauch in the lower section of the city for two weeks. The day following Poe called on him." After such a spree as Thompson's letter indicates Poe suffered dreadfully, and it usually took him many days to recover. If, as Thompson states, he was able to call on him in so short a time afterwards, Poe was hardly drinking at his worst, but moderately. This is verified by a statement made to me by the late Charles M. Wallace, Richmond's historian, who had an accurate memory. He saw Poe during this visit several times and knew he was drinking, but never saw him unable to take care of himself. Late one night Mr. Wallace was called out of bed by Richmond's best known newspaper editor in that day, who took him to meet the then famous poet at a nearby resort and hear him declaim "Eureka" and "The Raven," before a select assemblage of Richmond Bohemians. When he arrived Poe was standing among the assemblage discussing matters of the day. His manners were nervous and his countenance was flushed, but he was not drunk. Mr. Wallace was introduced to Poe, who bowed in a dignified way, and in a few moments by request began his discourse, which lasted for about an hour, and was entertaining. It is not thought that Thompson saw much of Poe on this visit, and his information about Poe's habits possibly came second hand. I have another unpublished letter of Thompson's to P. P. Cooke, dated October 17, 1848, in which he states:[1] "Poe is not in Richmond. He remained here about three weeks, horribly drunk, and discoursing 'Eureka' to the audiences of Bar Rooms. His friends tried to get him sober and set him to work, but to no effect, and were com-

[1] John R. Thompson to P. P. Cooke, MS.

pelled at last to *reship* him to New York. I was very anxious for him to write something for me, while he remained here, but his 'lucid intervals' were so brief and infrequent that it was quite impossible. 'The Rationale of Verse' I took, more as an act of charity than anything else, for though exhibiting great acquaintance with the subject, it is altogether too *bizarre*, and too technical for the general reader. Poe is a singular fellow."

Poe's work during this period shows that he was sober long enough to write many columns of matter. Some of his manuscript, given away by Thompson, is still in Richmond, — "a work of manual art." Besides "The Rationale of Verse" and a review of Mrs. Lewis's poems, in the *Messenger*, he also sent a new "Literati" paper on Mrs. Lewis to the *Democratic Review*. He is not thought to have seen Mrs. Shelton, his early love, on this visit. His love affairs were never much of a secret. In her letter to Griswold about Poe in 1850, Mrs. Osgood wrote: "Mrs. Ellet asked an introduction to him and followed him everywhere, Miss Lynch begged me to bring him there and called upon him at his lodgings, Mrs. Whitman besieged him with valentines and letters long before he wrote or took any notice of her, and all the others wrote poetry and letters to him." Very much has been written about Poe's relations with women, and his letters and love affairs have been closely investigated, but many incidents hinted at in this letter of Mrs. Osgood, which might put some matters in a different light, have been lost sight of. Mrs. Lewis, who was anxious for public recognition and advertisement of her poems, also followed him about, and he had an intimate acquaintance with her. He asked her to write his life when he died. Mrs.

Clemm wrote her letters in the latter days, and after Poe's death went to live with her. Her husband wrote Miss S. S. Rice of Baltimore a letter October 11, 1875, which I am permitted to use. He said: "I have resided and practised my profession of the law in Brooklyn for about thirty years. Shortly after I moved here, in 1845, Mr. Poe and I became personal friends. His last residence, and where I visited him oftenest, was in a beautifully secluded cottage at Fordham, fourteen miles above New York. It was there that I often saw his dear wife during her last illness, and attended her funeral. It was from there that he and his 'dear Muddie' (Mrs. Clemm) often visited me at my house, frequently, and at my urgent solicitation, remaining many days. When he finally departed on his last trip south, the kissing and handshaking were at my front door. He was hopeful; we were sad: and tears gushed in torrents as he kissed his dear 'Muddie' and my wife 'good-bye.' Alas, it proved, as Mrs. Clemm feared, a final adieu. I offered Mrs. Clemm a home in my family, where she resided until 1858, when she removed to Baltimore to lay her ashes by the side of her 'darling Eddie.' Mr. Poe was one of the most affectionate, kind-hearted men I ever knew. I never witnessed so much tender affection and devotion as existed in that family of three persons. I have spent weeks in the closest intimacy with him, and never saw him under the slightest influence of any stimulants whatever. In my presence he was the polished gentleman, the profound scholar, the true critic, and the inspired oracular poet — dreamy and spiritual, lofty, but sad. His biographers have not done his virtues or his genius justice; and, to produce a startling effect by

contrast, have magnified his errors and attributed to him faults that he never had."

With so many devoted lady admirers as Poe had when he was in Richmond on his first visit, his movements were closely watched. While the "Whitman romance" had just started, still it was talked about in literary circles and mentioned by Poe himself in Richmond. Among the literary characters he met with there was John M. Daniel of the *Examiner*. They did not get along together, and bad feelings existed between them from the start. Daniel had an acquaintance with Mrs. Whitman's family, and, hearing about Poe's attentions, made disparaging remarks, which came to Poe's ears. This with some other dispute about a debt infuriated Poe, who sent a challenge to Daniel to fight a duel.[1] The affair was well remembered by Judge Hughes. The newspaper men arranged to have Poe meet Daniel alone in the *Examiner* office, but the matter was settled without any recourse to arms. Daniel afterwards published an unkind allusion to the reported engagement of Poe and Mrs. Whitman, but became one of his most intimate friends. And yet when Poe died he wrote in the *Messenger* a rather harsh account of his life. Later still he wrote a pleasant and favorable letter about Poe to Mrs. Whitman, which she quoted in her publication, *Edgar Poe and his Critics*.

After Poe's return home he traveled between New York, Lowell, and Providence, lecturing on the "Poetic Principle." In the Richmond *Whig* of August 17, 1849, probably inspired by Poe, it was stated: "This lecture

[1] *The Life of Edgar Allan Poe*. By George E. Woodberry. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York 1909. Vol. ii, p. 443, reprints a full account.

on the Poetic Principle is one of the course delivered before the Providence Lyceum last fall, the other lecturers being Rufus Choate, Theodore Parker, Alonzo Potter (Bishop of Pennsylvania), Louis Agassiz, the French savant, and Daniel Webster, who opened the course. Mr. Poe had the largest audience of the season, more than 1600 persons." In another notice in this paper Poe gave some mention of the publication of his tales in France, showing a knowledge of the publications.

Among other incidents in the life of Poe, much has been written about his love entanglements with Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman. He was to marry her in December. She is said to have heard that Poe was drinking again, and when he called she drenched her handkerchief with ether and threw herself on a sofa, hoping to lose consciousness. She remembered his last words and that she told him that she "loved him." After this Mrs. Whitman mentioned that she playfully sent some verses about him — "Stanzas for Music" — to the *Metropolitan Magazine* for February, 1849. She always would have it that Poe construed these lines as an olive branch, and in return wrote "Annabel Lee." Poe during his last visit to Richmond stated to Judge Hughes that Mrs. Whitman had made repeated efforts towards a reconciliation, which he refused. It seems evident that he paid no attention to her lines in the *Metropolitan*, for Mrs. Whitman again sent other verses to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, where she knew they would come under his eye. So that Poe might not regard them as old stock, she dated them "Isle of Rhodes, March, 1849." They appeared in the June number of the *Messenger*, beginning, —

"I bade thee stay. Too well I knew
The fault was mine, mine only."

Mrs. Whitman forgot to mention these lines in after life, and possibly lived in hopes that they had been forgotten, but she took pains to revise them for the later publication of her poems.

After Poe's death Mrs. Whitman made a fetish of his memory. She gave out portions of his letters written to her, and a fragment of a facsimile. After her own death there appeared *The Last Letters of Edgar Allan Poe to Sarah Helen Whitman*. The matter in the volume appeared in the *Century Magazine* for January, 1909, as "New Light on a Romantic Episode." It was claimed that the letters now appeared without "omissions, garbling or diversion." A comparison with that text and the fragment of the facsimile shows a slight difference in at least one of the letters. There are also some deviations between the marriage and another contract as given in the book and magazine.

After parting with Mrs. Whitman Poe drew closer to "Annie," as his letters show. He also seemed hopeful and made preparations for more active literary labors. In an unpublished letter dated Fordham, Saturday, January 20 (1849), he wrote the *American Whig Review:*[1] "May I trouble you to hand the accompanying brief article to Mr. Whelpley and see if he can give me $10 for it? About four years ago, I think, I wrote a paper on 'The American Drama' for your review. It was printed anonymously — my name not given in the index. The criticism referred chiefly to Willis's 'Tortesa' and Longfellow's 'Spanish Student.' Could you procure me the number containing it?"

[1] Poe to John Priestly, Proprietor, MS.

His later correspondence shows that the article sent in this communication was "Critics and Criticism," which was not accepted, and he sent it to *Graham's*, where it did not find publication until after his death. His income does not appear to have been sufficient for his needs, and he had to resort to his former habit of borrowing, as evidenced by a sixty days' note given by him for sixty-seven dollars, February 3, 1849, to Isaac Cooper, a relative of the novelist. In this same month he wrote in a letter to F. W. Thomas: "Right glad am I to find you once more in a true position — 'in the field of letters.' Depend upon it after all, Thomas, literature is the most noble of professions. In fact, it is about the only one fit for a man. For my own part there is no seducing me from the path. I shall be a *littérateur*, at least, all my life; nor would I abandon the hopes which still lead me on for all the gold in California." He had also remarked to a friend, "One Richard, whom you know is himself again." He sent a review of Griswold's *Female Poets of America* to the *Messenger* for February, which has been overlooked by previous biographers. In the March number he wrote his criticism on Lowell's *A Fable for Critics*. He wrote for *Godey's*, and had also become a regular contributor to the Boston *Flag of Our Union*. His contributions there have never been known with any degree of certainty until now. He contributed: March 3, "A Valentine"; March 17, "Hop Frog"; March 31, "A Dream within a Dream"; April 14, "Von Kempelen and his Discovery"; April 21, "Eldorado"; April 28, "For Annie"; May 12, "Xing a Paragrab"; June 9, "Landor's Cottage," and July 7, "Sonnet — To my Mother." These were mentioned as by Edgar A. Poe, a regular contributor.

In May Poe's hopes for the publication of his *Stylus* were revived by finding a partner in E. H. Patterson. It was with the object of securing subscriptions for this that he started South in June. At Philadelphia he met with his old companions again, with the usual result that he was in the end desperately ill. His friend John Sartain and others took care of him, and he finally arrived in Richmond, Saturday, July 14, 1849. He stopped at the old Swan Tavern, where Dr. George W. Rawlings, the physician who was with his early companion Burling when he died of cholera, attended him.

Dr. Rawlings, who lived in a small frame house on Broad Street adjoining the Swan Tavern, stated that in his delirium Poe drew a pistol and tried to shoot him. Burling, before his death about 1832, lived around the corner from Dr. Rawlings on Ninth Street. When Poe recovered he joined a temperance society. A reference to this from the Philadelphia *Bulletin* was copied in the Richmond *Whig* in September, while Poe was in Richmond. The same paper about this time copied a favorable notice from the Cincinnati *Atlas*, referring to Poe's visit to Richmond and his lecture. A lengthy review of Mrs. Osgood's poems, written by Poe, appeared in the August *Messenger*. He delivered his first lecture August 17 in the Exchange concert rooms. His subject was the "Poetic Principle." The *Whig* had a favorable notice, and urged him to repeat the lecture. Poe has written in his letters of this lecture, and mentioned that all the press notices were favorable except one written by Daniel, whom he had once challenged. This notice, inaccessible until now, is of interest, and appeared in the *Examiner* of August 21, as follows:—

"Poe's subject was the 'Poetic Principle,' and he treated it with all the acuteness and imagination that we had expected from him. We were glad to hear the lecturer explode what he properly pronounced to be the poetic 'heresy of modern times,' to wit: that poetry should have a purpose, an end to accomplish beyond that of ministering to our sense of the beautiful. We have in these days poets of humanity and poets of universal suffrage, poets whose mission it is to break down corn laws and poets to build up workhouses. The idea infects half the criticism and all the poetry of this utilitarian country. But no idea can be more false, as we have elementary faculties in our minds whose end is to reason, others to perceive colors and forms, and others to construct, and as argument, painting, and mechanics are the products of those faculties and are only intended for them; as we have nerves to be pleased with perfumes; others with gay colors and others with the contact of soft bodies — so have we an elementary faculty for perceiving beauty with ends of its own and means of its own — Poetry is the product of this faculty, and of no other; it is addressed to the sense of the beautiful and to no other sense. It is ever injured when subjected to the criterion of other faculties, and was never intended to fulfill any other objects than those peculiar to the organ of the mind from which it received its birth. Mr. Poe made good his distinction with a great deal of acuteness and in a very clever manner. His various pieces of criticism upon the popular poets of the country were for the most part just, and were very entertaining. But we were disappointed in Mr. Poe's recitations. We had heard a good deal of his manner, but it does not answer our

wants. His voice is soft and distinct, but neither clear nor sonorous. He does not make rhyme effective; he reads all verse like blank verse; and yet he gives it a sing song of his own more monotonous than any versification. On the two last syllables of every sentence he invariably falls a fifth. He did not make his own 'Raven' an effective piece of reading. At this we would not be surprised were any other than the author its reader. The chief charm perhaps of that extraordinary composition is the strange and subtle music of the versification. As in Mr. Longfellow's rhythm we can hear it with our mind's ear while we read it ourselves, but no human organs are sufficiently delicate to weave it into articulate sounds. For this reason we are not surprised at ordinary failures in reading these pieces. But we anticipated some peculiar charm in their utterances by the lips of him who created the verse, and in this case we were disappointed. A large audience was in attendance. Indeed the concert room was completely filled. Mr. Poe commenced his career in this city, and those who had not seen him since the days of his obscurity of course felt no little curiosity to behold so famous a townsman. Mr. Poe is a small thin man, slightly formed, keen visaged, with dark complexion, dark hair, and we believe dark eyes. His face is not an ordinary one. The forehead is well developed and the nose somewhat more prominent than usual. Mr. Poe is a man of very decided genius. Indeed we know of no other writer in the United States who has half the chance to be remembered in the history of literature. But his reputation will rest on a very small minority of his compositions. Among all his poems there are only two pieces which are not execrably bad, —

'The Raven' and 'Dream-Land.' The majority of his prose compositions are the children of want and dyspepsia, of the printer's devils and the blue devils — had he possessed the power of applying his creative faculty, — as have the Miltons, the Shakespeares, and all the other *demiurgi*, — he would have been a great man. But there is not one trace of that power in any of his compositions that we have read; and if rumor is to be credited his career has been that of the Marlowes, the Jonsons, the Dekkers, and the Websters, the old dramatists and translunary rowdies of the Elizabethan age. Had Mr. Poe possessed talent in the place of genius, he might have been a popular and money-making author. He would have written a great many more good things than he has; but his title to immortality would not and could not be surer than it is — For the few things that the author has written which are at all tolerable are coins stamped with the unmistakable die. They are of themselves, *sui generis*, unlike any diagrams in Time's kaleidoscope, either past, present, or to come — and gleam with the diamond hues of Eternity."

Poe afterwards called to see Daniel to disabuse his mind of the unfavorable portions of this criticism. He succeeded in so far as to effect an arrangement to become an associate with Daniel on the *Examiner* newspaper. It was arranged that he was to do the book reviewing and other literary work. He was also to revise and republish his writings, especially his poems, and the principal poems were to be published in the *Examiner*. He was shown a desk by Daniel and asked to commence work. This was Daniel's way, and it was also his habit not to say much in his paper about his

associates. He always liked Daniel to be kept fully in the foreground. The connection of Poe, however, was talked about in newspaper circles and well understood at the time.

The late Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald wrote: —

"I was in Richmond in 1849, and remember Mr. Poe, with his white linen coat and trousers, black velvet vest, and broad Panama hat. He was the most notable figure among the group of specialists that gathered around John M. Daniel, editor of the Richmond *Examiner*. Daniel was an electric battery, fully charged, whose touches shocked the staid and lofty-minded leaders in Virginia politics. There was about him that indefinable charm that draws men of genius towards one another, though differing in the quality and measure of their endowment. There was Robert W. Hughes, with his strong judicial brain, just starting on his path of distinction. There was Patrick Henry Aylett, a descendant of the great orator, and a rising young lawyer. There was Arthur Petticolas, who had an æsthetic touch that gave his dissertations on Art a special charm and value. The *Examiner* under Daniel was a free lance: it made things lively for all sorts of readers.

"Mr. Poe naturally found his way thereto as literary editor. He had already attained celebrity as a writer whose prose and poetry were unlike those of all other persons. The reading public was watching him expectantly, looking for greater things. There was about him something that drew especial notice. His face was one of the saddest ever seen. His step was gentle, his voice soft, yet clear; his presence altogether winning. Though unlike in most particulars, Poe and Daniel affiliated in

dealing with a world in which sin and folly on the one hand provoked their wrath and scorn, and on the other appealed to their pity and helpfulness.

"That Mr. Poe was battling with tragic threatenings at this time, now seems pretty clear. The literary public of Richmond knew enough of him to elicit a profound interest in his behalf. They wished to express their good will and invited him to deliver a lecture. The whole transaction was unique and gave a touch of the Old South. The lecture was delivered, and by special request the lecturer then and there recited his own poem, 'The Raven,' the remembrance of which is a pleasure to one of his hearers — unto this day."

Judge Hughes and others of the *Examiner* have also told of his work done in that office. He sent many of his best known poems revised into the composing room, where they were typeset for future use, but only "The Raven" and "Dream-Land" appeared. The others, however, were preserved in proof sheets and used by F. W. Thomas, who was afterwards connected with the Richmond *Enquirer* as literary editor, to prepare a new edition of Poe's poems. These are now published for the first time.

After his first lecture Poe went to Norfolk, Virginia. Miss Susan Ingram in the New York *Herald* of February 19, 1905, tells of meeting him with a Virginia party at Old Point Comfort, Sunday, September 9. She said: —

"That Sunday evening in early September at Old Point stands out like a lovely picture. I cannot describe it fitly. There was more in it than may be expressed in mere words. There were several of us girls, all friends, and all of us knew Mr. Poe. I can see just how we looked, sitting about there in our white dresses. There

was a young collegian, too, who was my particular friend. He is gone long years since, and all the others in that little group have passed away except Sister and myself.

"Mr. Poe sat there in that quiet way of his which made you feel his presence. After a while my aunt, who was nearer his age, said: 'This seems to be just the time and place for poetry, Mr. Poe.' And it was. We all felt it. The old Hygeia stood some distance from the water, but with nothing between it and the ocean. It was moonlight, and the light shone over everything with that undimmed light that it has in the South. There were many persons on the long verandas that surrounded the hotel, but they seemed remote and far away. Our little party was absolutely cut off from everything except that lovely view of the water shining in the moonlight, and its gentle music borne to us on the soft breeze. Poe felt the influence. How could a poet help it? And when we seconded the request that he recite for us he agreed readily. He recited 'The Raven,' 'Annabel Lee,' and last of all 'Ulalume,' with the last stanza of which he remarked that he feared it might not be intelligible to us, as it was scarcely clear to himself, and for that reason it had not been published (*sic*). The next day he sent a copy of the poem with a letter.

"We went from Old Point Comfort to our home near Norfolk, and he called on us there, and again I had the pleasure of talking with him. Although I was only a slip of a girl and he what then seemed to me quite an old man, and a great literary one at that, we got on together beautifully. He was one of the most courteous gentlemen I have ever seen, and that gave a great

charm to his manner. None of his pictures that I have ever seen look like the picture of Poe that I keep in my memory. Of course they look like him, so that any one seeing them could have recognized him from them, but there was something in his face that is in none of them. Perhaps it was in the eyes, perhaps in the mouth. I do not know, but any one who ever met him would understand what I mean.

"There were no indications of dissipation apparent when we saw Poe in Virginia at that time. I think he had not been drinking for a long time. If I had not heard or read what had been said about his intemperance I should never have had any idea of it from what I saw in Poe. To me he seemed a good man, as well as a charming one, very sensitive and very high-minded.

"I remember one little incident that illustrates how loyal he was to the memory of those who had been kind to him. I was fond of orris root, and always had the odor of it about my clothes. One day when we were walking together he spoke of it. 'I like it, too,' he said. 'Do you know what it makes me think of? My adopted mother. Whenever the bureau drawers in her room were opened there came from them a whiff of orris root, and ever since when I smell it I go back to the time when I was a little boy, and it brings back thoughts of my mother.'"

Poe lectured in the Norfolk Academy on the "Poetic Principle" Friday, September 14, and it was noticed in the *American Beacon* of that city. He returned to Richmond, where he lectured again on the same subject September 24, which was his last public appearance. During this visit Poe made many social calls, often in

the company of his sister Rosalie, who still resided in Richmond. He visited the Bernards, relatives of White of the *Messenger;* the Strobias, who were old church friends of the first Mrs. Allan as well as the Poitiaux family. His child-love Miss Poitiaux was alive, and she has left her statement of this last visit. She published some lines on the death of Poe in Richmond in August, 1852, with the following introduction: —

"The writer of these lines was in early life a playmate of the unfortunate Edgar A. Poe, and the god-daughter of the lady by whom he was adopted. He even then gave promise of the talent which has since made his name one long to be remembered as a writer — I will not say unequaled, but not surpassed by any poet of his time. Some few weeks preceding his sorrowful demise he visited our city and read before the public his 'Raven,' and others of his own and Hood's beautiful verses. I was at that time too unwell to venture out, and did not hear him, but a few days afterwards he called on me. His unfortunate propensity had made us refuse to see him on a former occasion, but this time he unexpectedly entered the room in which I was sitting, saying as I rose to meet him: 'Old friend, you see I would not be denied.' He only stayed a few minutes, but in that short time left an impression on my memory which has never since been effaced. He was to be married in a few weeks to a lady of our city, and as he stood upon the steps bidding me farewell, I asked, alluding to his marriage, when I should see him again. It was no fancy, but a strange reality, that a gray shadow such as I had never seen before, save on the face of the dying, passed across his as, gazing gravely in mine, he answered slowly: 'In the words of my Raven, perhaps — never-

more,' and in a moment he had gone. In a few weeks I heard the tidings of his death."

Poe also made a visit to his dear friend, as he called Eliza Lambert, the sister of General Lambert, once Mayor of Richmond and a near relation of the Strobias. There were other friends of his early days there, and, as he wrote in one of his last letters to Mrs. Clemm, he remained until one o'clock in the morning, talking of the olden times. He also visited the family of W. A. R. Nye, connected with the *Whig*, who were friends of long standing. Much more of his time was spent with Mrs. Shelton, his early love, to whom he was again engaged to be married. She was seen with him at church and at his lectures, and he wrote to Mrs. Clemm that all was in readiness for the marriage. In the same letter he showed distress of mind about "Annie" and wished to be near her. Mrs. Shelton has left her recollections of Poe, which are supposed to be in the Valentine Museum, Richmond. They are not thought to differ materially from her other statements. She gave a pleasing description of Poe in his youthful days calling to see her in company with Burling, and how he met and begged her to marry him in 1849. He visited her the night before he left Richmond for Baltimore, when he complained of feeling ill. Richmond's oldest book-dealer, J. W. Randolph, remembered Poe. He told me that in those days he had Sanxey's old book-stand. Poe was a good customer of Sanxey's in olden times. He had been coming in quietly and looking about Randolph's shop, and now and then buying a magazine. "Look here," he said one day; "it makes me sad to come in here and not see Sanxey. When did he die?" Randolph explained that Sanxey was not dead, but

had sold out. Poe went to hunt him up, and returning to the store a few days afterwards, told of a pleasant meeting with his former old book friend.

In order to wind up his affairs before his marriage, arranged for October 17, he made preparations to visit the North. He had a commission to edit a volume of poems in Philadelphia, and told Daniel that he would publish his own writings while away. After leaving Mrs. Shelton's on the evening of September 26, he went to Sadler's restaurant, where he met J. M. Blakey and other friends. Both Sadler and Blakey told Judge Hughes that they remembered meeting Poe at the restaurant that night, and did not think that he was drinking. They were quite certain that he was sober when they saw him last, and talking of going North. He left for Baltimore and Philadelphia early the following morning. As he steamed down the James River thoughts of his former journey more than twenty-two years before must have flashed across his memory, as well as the many other strange vicissitudes through which he had passed since his boyhood swims in the same waters.

He had been wandering about Baltimore for some days when he was found, Wednesday, October 3, in an unconscious condition, near Ryan's Fourth Ward Polls. He was taken to the Washington Hospital, where he died October 7, 1849.

A notice of Poe's death was printed in the Richmond *Whig* of October 9, as follows: "It is with profound grief that we give place this morning to the painful intelligence which will be read below. The sad announcement was received in yesterday's evening mail. When we reflect that it was but the other day that the

deceased was delighting our citizens with a lecture as beautiful as his own genius was powerful and erratic — that he was walking in our streets in the vigor of manhood and mingling with acquaintances in the sociability of friendship — we would fain believe that it was untrue. The news of the death of Mr. Poe will fall with a heavy and crushing weight upon one in this city who is related to him by the tender tie of sister; and who can hardly have any previous knowledge of his illness; whilst it will be read with profound regret by all who appreciate generous qualities or admire genius. In the beautiful language of his own 'Lenore,' let there be a requiem for the dead — in that he died so young."

Poe was buried in the churchyard of the Westminster Church at Baltimore. Rev. W. T. D. Clemm read the services of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There were but few friends and relatives present at the sad rites. After his death, "Annabel Lee" was published in the New York *Tribune*, and *Sartain's Union Magazine* for November contained "The Bells." The *Messenger* for December contained "To my Mother"; *Graham's*, January, 1850, "Critics and Criticism"; followed in October by the "Poetic Principle," published in *Sartain's Union Magazine*. In the *Examiner* of October 26, Daniel announced: "Edgar Poe's complete works are to be published under the supervision of Willis and Lowell and under the auspices of Rufus Griswold. O! what a triumvirate." The November *Messenger* published a notice of Poe's death, in which the following letter to Thompson from H. W. Longfellow was given: —

"What a melancholy death is that of Mr. Poe — a man so richly endowed with genius! I never knew him personally, but have always entertained a high appre-

ciation of his powers as a prose writer and a poet. His prose is remarkably vigorous, direct and yet affluent; and his verse has a peculiar charm of melody, an atmosphere of true poetry about it, which is very winning. The harshness of his criticisms I have never attributed to anything but the irritation of a sensitive nature, chafed by some indefinite sense of wrong."

Mrs. Clemm died in Baltimore at the Church Home, February 16, 1871. This was the same building in which Poe died. She was buried beside Poe. Rosalie Poe also became a subject for charity, and entered the Epiphany Church Home, Washington, where she died in July, 1874, at the age of sixty-four, which places her birth in 1810.

All that was mortal of Poe rested in a neglected grave in an obscure corner of the Baltimore Churchyard until November 17, 1875, when a monument was erected. I was present at the services of dedication, and remember that it was a raw, chilly, and bleak November day. Among those present who had known him best were J. H. Hewitt, and his old schoolmaster, Professor Clarke; also Drs. Brooks and Snodgrass. A number of letters and poems were read. Among those who sent tributes were Mallarmé, Swinburne, Hayne, Fawcett, Winter, John Neal, Mrs. Whitman, Saxe, Bryant, Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, Lowell, Aldrich, and Holmes. Swinburne wrote: "Widely as the fame of Poe has already spread, and deeply as it is already rooted in Europe, it is even now growing wider and striking deeper as time advances; the surest presage that Time, the eternal enemy of small and shallow reputations, will prove in this case also the constant and trusty friend and keeper of a poet's full-grown fame."

The following warm tribute was from O. W. Holmes: "No one, surely, needs a mausoleum less than the poet.

> 'His monument shall be his gentle verse,
> Which eyes not yet created shall o'erread;
> And tongues to be, his being shall rehearse
> When all the breathers of this world are dead.'

Yet we would not leave him without a stone to mark the spot where the hands that 'waked to ecstasy the living lyre' were laid in dust. He that can confer an immortality which will outlast bronze and granite deserves this poor tribute, not for his sake so much as ours. The hearts of all who reverence the inspiration of genius, who can look tenderly upon the infirmities too often attending it, who can feel for its misfortunes, will sympathize with you as you gather around the resting-place of all that was mortal of Edgar Allan Poe, and raise the stone inscribed with one of the few names which will outlive the graven record meant to perpetuate its remembrance."

THE RAVEN
AND OTHER POEMS

DEDICATION TO THE EDITION OF 1845

To the Noblest of her Sex —
To the Author of
"The Drama of Exile"—
To Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett,
Of England,
I Dedicate this Volume,
With the most Enthusiastic Admiration
And with the most Sincere Esteem.

E. A. P.

PREFACE TO THE POEMS

Edition of 1845

These trifles are collected and republished chiefly with a view to their redemption from the many improvements to which they have been subjected while going "the rounds of the press." I am naturally anxious that if what I have written is to circulate at all, it should circulate as I wrote it. In defence of my own taste, nevertheless, it is incumbent on me to say that I think nothing in this volume of much value to the public, or very creditable to myself. Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making, at any time, any serious effort in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice. With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence; they must not — they cannot at will be excited, with an eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations, of mankind.

E. A. P.

Note. — In the J. Lorimer Graham copy, Poe struck out in the third line after going "at random." He also transposed the sentence, "If what I have written is to circulate at all, I am naturally anxious that it should circulate as I wrote it," to read as above. The word "upon" in the seventh line was changed to "on"; a comma after "say" was erased, and a comma inserted after "excited."

POEMS

THE RAVEN AND OTHER POEMS

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'T is some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'T is some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door —
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door; —
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I opened wide the door; —
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
"Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than
before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my win-
dow lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore —
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery ex-
plore; —
'T is the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt
and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of
yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped
or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it
wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
"art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the
Nightly shore —
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse
so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke
only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered — not a feather then
he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have
flown before —
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown
before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore —
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never — nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath sent thee

Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost
Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if
bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted —
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I im-
plore —
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell
me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if
bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we
both adore —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant
Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore."
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's
Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above
my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

THE VALLEY OF UNREST

Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sun-light lazily lay.
Now each visiter shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless —
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye —
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave!
They wave: — from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dews come down in drops.
They weep: — from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.

BRIDAL BALLAD

THE ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell —
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed *his* who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
(Thinking him dead D'Elormie,)
"Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken;
And this the plighted vow;
And, though my faith be broken,
And, though my heart be broken,
Here is a ring, as token
That I am happy now! —
Behold the golden token
That *proves* me happy now!

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream I know not how,
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken, —
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

THE SLEEPER

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All Beauty sleeps! — and lo! where lies
Irene, with her Destinies!

Oh, lady bright! can it be right —
This window open to the night?
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop —
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully — so fearfully —
Above the closed and fringèd lid
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!

Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees!
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever with unopened eye,
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold —
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And winged panels fluttering back,
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,
Of her grand family funerals —
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone —
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!
It was the dead who groaned within.

THE COLISEUM

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length — at length — after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
I feel ye now — I feel ye in your strength —
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the hornèd moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls — these ivy-clad arcades —
These mouldering plinths — these sad and blackened
shafts —
These vague entablatures — this crumbling frieze —
These shattered cornices — this wreck — this ruin —
These stones — alas! these gray stones — are they all —
All of the famed, and the colossal left
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

"Not all" — the Echoes answer me — "not all!
"Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever
"From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,
"As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
"We rule the hearts of mightiest men — we rule
"With a despotic sway all giant minds.
"We are not impotent — we pallid stones.
"Not all our power is gone — not all our fame —
"Not all the magic of our high renown —
"Not all the wonder that encircles us —
"Not all the mysteries that in us lie —
"Not all the memories that hang upon
"And cling around about us as a garment,
"Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

LENORE

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! — the spirit flown for ever!
Let the bell toll! — a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river: —
And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear? — weep now or never more!
See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come, let the burial rite be read — the funeral song be sung! —
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young —
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and ye hated her for her pride;
And, when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her — that she died: —
How *shall* the ritual then be read — the requiem how be sung
By you — by yours, the evil eye — by yours the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence that died and died so young?"

Peccavimus: — yet rave not thus! but let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!

The sweet Lenore hath gone before, with Hope that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride —
For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes —
The life still there upon her hair, the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! — avaunt! to friends from fiends the indignant ghost is riven —
From Hell unto a high estate within the utmost Heaven —
From moan and groan to a golden throne beside the King of Heaven: —
Let *no* bell toll, then, lest her soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damnèd Earth!
And I — to-night my heart is light: — no dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old days!"

HYMN

At morn — at noon — at twilight dim —
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!
In joy and wo — in good and ill —
Mother of God, be with me still!
When the Hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

ISRAFEL [1]

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars, (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamoured Moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven,)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say, (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings —
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty —
Where Love's a grown-up god —

[1] And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures. — *Koran.*

Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit —
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute —
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely — flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

DREAM-LAND

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule —
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of Space — out of Time.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the dews that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging, unto skies of fire;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters — lone and dead, —
Their still waters — still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.

By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead, —
Their sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily, —
By the mountains — near the river
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever, —

By the grey woods, — by the swamp
Where the toad and the newt encamp, —
By the dismal tarns and pools
Where dwell the ghouls, —
By each spot the most unholy —
In each nook most melancholy, —
There the traveller meets aghast
Sheeted Memories of the Past —
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by —
White-robed forms of friends long given,
In agony, to the Earth — and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion
'T is a peaceful, soothing region —
For the spirit that walks in shadow
O! it is an Eldorado!
But the traveller, travelling through it,
May not — dare not openly view it;
Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed;
So wills its King, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringèd lid;
And thus the sad Soul that here passes
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.
By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.

SONNET — TO ZANTE

Fair isle, that from the fairest of all flowers,
Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take!
How many memories of what radiant hours
At sight of thee and thine at once awake!
How many scenes of what departed bliss!
How many thoughts of what entombèd hopes!
How many visions of a maiden that is
No more — no more upon thy verdant slopes!
No more! alas, that magical sad sound
Transforming all! Thy charms shall please *no more* —
Thy memory *no more!* Accursèd ground
Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shore,
O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!
"Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!"

THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and
the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently —
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free —
Up domes — up spires — up kingly halls —
Up fanes — up Babylon-like walls —
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers —
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathéd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,

While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.
There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye —
Not the gayly-jeweled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass —
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea —
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave — there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide —
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow —
The hours are breathing faint and low —
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

TO ONE IN PARADISE

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine —
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
"On! on!" — but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
No more — no more — no more —
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams —
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

EULALIE — A SONG

I DWELT alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride —
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.

Ah, less — less bright
The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!
And never a flake
That the vapor can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded curl —
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble and careless curl.

Now Doubt — now Pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long
Shines, bright and strong,
Astarté within the sky,
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye —
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

TO F——s S. O——d

Thou wouldst be loved? — then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love — a simple duty.

TO F——

Beloved! amid the earnest woes
That crowd around my earthly path —
(Drear path, alas! where grows
Not even one lonely rose) ——
My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me
Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea —
Some ocean throbbing far and free
With storms — but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

SONNET — SILENCE

THERE are some qualities — some incorporate things,
That have a double life, which thus is made
A type of that twin entity which springs
From matter and light, evinced in solid and shade.
There is a two-fold *Silence* — sea and shore —
Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places,
Newly with grass o'ergrown; some solemn graces,
Some human memories and tearful lore,
Render him terrorless: his name's "No More."
He is the corporate Silence: dread him not!
No power hath he of evil in himself;
But should some urgent fate (untimely lot!)
Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf,
That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod
No foot of man,) commend thyself to God!

THE CONQUEROR WORM

Lo! 't is a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly —
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
Invisible wo!

That motley drama — oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its phantom chased for evermore,
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot,
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude!

A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes! — it writhes! — with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

Out — out are the lights — out all!
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
While the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion —
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
Porphyrogene,
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,

Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn! — for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old-time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the encrimson'd windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh — but smile no more.

SCENES FROM "POLITIAN"

AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA

I

ROME. — A Hall in a Palace. Alessandra and Castiglione.

Alessandra. Thou art sad, Castiglione.
Castiglione. Sad! — not I.
Oh, I 'm the happiest, happiest man in Rome!
A few days more, thou knowest, my Alessandra,
Will make thee mine. Oh, I am very happy!
Aless. Methinks thou hast a singular way of showing
Thy happiness! — what ails thee, cousin of mine?
Why didst thou sigh so deeply?
Cas. Did I sigh?
I was not conscious of it. It is a fashion,
A silly — a most silly fashion I have
When I am *very* happy. Did I sigh? (*sighing.*)
Aless. Thou didst. Thou art not well. Thou hast indulged
Too much of late, and I am vexed to see it.
Late hours and wine, Castiglione, — these
Will ruin thee! thou art already altered —
Thy looks are haggard — nothing so wears away
The constitution as late hours and wine.
Cas. (*musing.*) Nothing, fair cousin, nothing — not even deep sorrow —
Wears it away like evil hours and wine.
I will amend.

Aless. Do it! I would have thee drop
Thy riotous company, too — fellows low born —
Ill suit the like with old Di Broglio's heir
And Alessandra's husband.

Cas. I will drop them.

Aless. Thou wilt — thou must. Attend thou also more
To thy dress and equipage — they are over plain
For thy lofty rank and fashion — much depends
Upon appearances.

Cas. I 'll see to it.

Aless. Then see to it! — pay more attention, sir,
To a becoming carriage — much thou wantest
In dignity.

Cas. Much, much, oh much I want
In proper dignity.

Aless. (*haughtily.*) Thou mockest me, sir!

Cas. (*abstractedly.*) Sweet, gentle Lalage!

Aless. Heard I aright?
I speak to him — he speaks of Lalage!
Sir Count! (*places her hand on his shoulder*) what art thou dreaming? he 's not well!
What ails thee, sir?

Cas. (*starting.*) Cousin! fair cousin! — madam!
I crave thy pardon — indeed I am not well —
Your hand from off my shoulder, if you please.
This air is most oppressive! — Madam — the Duke!

Enter Di Broglio.

Di Broglio. My son, I 've news for thee! — hey? — what 's the matter? (*observing Alessandra.*)
I' the pouts? Kiss her, Castiglione! kiss her,
You dog! and make it up, I say, this minute!

I 've news for you both. Politian is expected
Hourly in Rome — Politian, Earl of Leicester!
We 'll have him at the wedding. 'T is his first visit
To the imperial city.
Aless. What! Politian
Of Britain, Earl of Leicester?
Di Brog. The same, my love.
We 'll have him at the wedding. A man quite young
In years, but grey in fame. I have not seen him,
But Rumour speaks of him as of a prodigy
Pre-eminent in arts and arms, and wealth,
And high descent. We 'll have him at the wedding.
Aless. I have heard much of this Politian.
Gay, volatile and giddy — is he not?
And little given to thinking.
Di Brog. Far from it, love.
No branch, they say, of all philosophy
So deep abstruse he has not mastered it.
Learned as few are learned.
Aless. 'T is very strange!
I have known men have seen Politian
And sought his company. They speak of him
As of one who entered madly into life,
Drinking the cup of pleasure to the dregs.
Cas. Ridiculous! Now *I* have seen Politian
And know him well — nor learned nor mirthful he.
He is a dreamer and a man shut out
From common passions.
Di Brog. Children, we disagree.
Let us go forth and taste the fragrant air
Of the garden. Did I dream, or did I hear
Politian was a *melancholy* man? (*exeunt.*)

II

A Lady's apartment, with a window open and looking into a garden. Lalage, in deep mourning, reading at a table on which lie some books and a hand mirror. In the back ground Jacinta (a servant maid) leans carelessly upon a chair.

Lalage. Jacinta! is it thou?

Jacinta. (*pertly.*) Yes, Ma'am, I 'm here.

Lal. I did not know, Jacinta, you were in waiting.
Sit down! — let not my presence trouble you —
Sit down! — for I am humble, most humble.

Jac. (*aside.*) 'T is time.

(*Jacinta seats herself in a side-long manner upon the chair, resting her elbows upon the back, and regarding her mistress with a contemptuous look. Lalage continues to read.*)

Lal. "It in another climate, so he said,
"Bore a bright golden flower, but not i' this soil!"
(*pauses — turns over some leaves, and resumes.*)
"No lingering winters there, nor snow, nor shower —
"But Ocean ever to refresh mankind
"Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind."
Oh, beautiful! — most beautiful! — how like
To what my fevered soul doth dream of Heaven!
O happy land! (*pauses.*) She died! — the maiden died!
O still more happy maiden who couldst die!
Jacinta!

(*Jacinta returns no answer, and Lalage presently resumes.*)

Again ! — a similar tale
Told of a beauteous dame beyond the sea!
Thus speaketh one Ferdinand in the words of the play—
"She died full young" — one Bossola answers him —

"I think not so — her infelicity
"Seemed to have years too many" — Ah luckless lady!
Jacinta! (*still no answer.*)
Here 's a far sterner story
But like — oh, very like in its despair —
Of that Egyptian queen, winning so easily
A thousand hearts — losing at length her own.
She died. Thus endeth the history — and her maids
Lean over her and weep — two gentle maids
With gentle names — Eiros and Charmion!
Rainbow and Dove! —— Jacinta!

Jac. (*pettishly.*) Madam, what *is* it?

Lal. Wilt thou, my good Jacinta, be so kind
As go down in the library and bring me
The Holy Evangelists.

Jac. Pshaw! (*exit.*)

Lal. If there be balm
For the wounded spirit in Gilead it is there!
Dew in the night time of my bitter trouble
Will there be found — "dew sweeter far than that
Which hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon Hill."
(*re-enter Jacinta, and throws a volume on the table.*)
There, ma'am, 's the book. Indeed she is very troublesome. (*aside.*)

Lal. (*astonished.*) What didst thou say, Jacinta?
Have I done aught
To grieve thee or to vex thee? — I am sorry.
For thou hast served me long and ever been
Trust-worthy and respectful. (*resumes her reading.*)

Jac. I can't believe
She has any more jewels — no — no — she gave me all. (*aside.*)

Lal. What didst thou say, Jacinta? Now I bethink me

Thou hast not spoken lately of thy wedding.
How fares good Ugo? — and when is it to be?
Can I do aught? — is there no farther aid
Thou needest, Jacinta?

Jac. Is there no *farther* aid!
That 's meant for me. (*aside*) I'm sure, Madam, you need not
Be always throwing those jewels in my teeth.

Lal. Jewels! Jacinta, — now indeed, Jacinta,
I thought not of the jewels.

Jac. Oh! perhaps not!
But then I might have sworn it. After all,
There 's Ugo says the ring is only paste,
For he 's sure the Count Castiglione never
Would have given a real diamond to such as you;
And at the best I 'm certain, Madam, you cannot
Have use for jewels *now*. But I might have sworn it.
(*exit.*)

(*Lalage bursts into tears and leans her head upon the table — after a short pause raises it.*)

Lal. Poor Lalage! — and is it come to this?
Thy servant maid! — but courage! — 't is but a viper
Whom thou hast cherished to sting thee to the soul!
(*taking up the mirror.*
Ha! here at least 's a friend — too much a friend
In earlier days — a friend will not deceive thee.
Fair mirror and true! now tell me (for thou canst)
A tale — a pretty tale — and heed thou not
Though it be rife with woe. It answers me.
It speaks of sunken eyes, and wasted cheeks,
And Beauty long deceased — remembers me
Of Joy departed — Hope, the Seraph Hope,
Inurned and entombed! — now, in a tone

Low, sad, and solemn, but most audible,
Whispers of early grave untimely yawning
For ruined maid. Fair mirror and true! — thou liest not!
Thou hast no end to gain — no heart to break —
Castiglione lied who said he loved ——
Thou true — he false! — false! — false!

(*while she speaks, a monk enters her apartment, and approaches unobserved.*)

Monk. Refuge thou hast,
Sweet daughter! in Heaven. Think of eternal things!
Give up thy soul to penitence, and pray!

Lal. (*arising hurriedly.*) I *cannot* pray! — My soul is at war with God!
The frightful sounds of merriment below
Disturb my senses — go! I cannot pray —
The sweet airs from the garden worry me!
Thy presence grieves me — go! — thy priestly raiment
Fills me with dread — thy ebony crucifix
With horror and awe!

Monk. Think of thy precious soul!

Lal. Think of my early days! — think of my father
And mother in Heaven! think of our quiet home,
And the rivulet that ran before the door!
Think of my little sisters! — think of them!
And think of me! — think of my trusting love
And confidence — his vows — my ruin — think — think
Of my unspeakable misery! —— begone!
Yet stay! yet stay! — what was it thou saidst of prayer
And penitence? Didst thou not speak of faith
And vows before the throne?

Monk. I did.

Lal. 'T is well.

There *is* a vow were fitting should be made —
A sacred vow, imperative, and urgent,
A solemn vow!

Monk. Daughter, this zeal is well!

Lal. Father, this zeal is anything but well!
Hast thou a crucifix fit for this thing?
A crucifix whereon to register
This sacred vow? (*he hands her his own.*)
Not that — Oh! no! — no! — no! (*shuddering.*)
Not that! Not that! — I tell thee, holy man.
Thy raiments and thy ebony cross affright me!
Stand back! I have a crucifix myself, —
I have a crucifix! Methinks 't were fitting
The deed — the vow — the symbol of the deed —
And the deed's register should tally, father!
(*draws a cross-handled dagger and raises it on high.*)
Behold the cross wherewith a vow like mine
Is written in Heaven!

Monk. Thy words are madness, daughter,
And speak a purpose unholy — thy lips are livid —
Thine eyes are wild — tempt not the wrath divine!
Pause ere too late ! — oh be not — be not rash!
Swear not the oath — oh swear it not!

Lal. 'T is sworn!

III

An apartment in a palace. Politian and Baldazzar.

Baldazzar. ——— Arouse thee now, Politian!
Thou must not — nay indeed, indeed, thou shalt not
Give way unto these humours. Be thyself!
Shake off the idle fancies that beset thee,
And live, for now thou diest!

Politian. Not so, Baldazzar!
Surely I live.
Bal. Politian, it doth grieve me
To see thee thus.
Pol. Baldazzar, it doth grieve me
To give thee cause for grief, my honoured friend.
Command me, sir! what wouldst thou have me do?
At thy behest I will shake off that nature
Which from my forefathers I did inherit,
Which with my mother's milk I did imbibe,
And be no more Politian, but some other.
Command me, sir!
Bal. To the field then — to the field —
To the senate or the field.
Pol. Alas! alas!
There is an imp would follow me even there!
There is an imp *hath* followed me even there!
There is —— what voice was that?
Bal. I heard it not.
I heard not any voice except thine own,
And the echo of thine own.
Pol. Then I but dreamed.
Bal. Give not thy soul to dreams: the camp—the court
Befit thee — Fame awaits thee — Glory calls —
And her the trumpet-tongued thou wilt not hear
In hearkening to imaginary sounds
And phantom voices.
Pol. It *is* a phantom voice!
Didst thou not hear it *then?*
Bal. I heard it not.
Pol. Thou heardst it not! —— Baldazzar, speak no more
To me, Politian, of thy camps and courts.

Oh! I am sick, sick, sick, even unto death,
Of the hollow and high-sounding vanities
Of the populous Earth! Bear with me yet awhile!
We have been boys together — school-fellows —
And now are friends — yet shall not be so long —
For in the eternal city thou shalt do me
A kind and gentle office, and a Power —
A Power august, benignant and supreme —
Shall then absolve thee of all farther duties
Unto thy friend.

Bal. Thou speakest a fearful riddle
I *will* not understand.

Pol. Yet now as Fate
Approaches, and the Hours are breathing low,
The sands of Time are changed to golden grains,
And dazzle me, Baldazzar. Alas! alas!
I *cannot* die, having within my heart
So keen a relish for the beautiful
As hath been kindled within it. Methinks the air
Is balmier now than it was wont to be —
Rich melodies are floating in the winds —
A rarer loveliness bedecks the earth —
And with a holier lustre the quiet moon
Sitteth in Heaven. — Hist! hist! thou canst not say
Thou hearest not *now*, Baldazzar?

Bal. Indeed I hear not.

Pol. Not hear it! — listen now — listen! — the faintest sound
And yet the sweetest that ear ever heard!
A lady's voice! — and sorrow in the tone!
Baldazzar, it oppresses me like a spell!
Again! — again! — how solemnly it falls
Into my heart of hearts! that eloquent voice

Surely I never heard — yet it were well
Had I *but* heard it with its thrilling tones
In earlier days!

Bal. I myself hear it now.
Be still! — the voice, if I mistake not greatly,
Proceeds from yonder lattice — which you may see
Very plainly through the window — it belongs,
Does it not? unto this palace of the Duke.
The singer is undoubtedly beneath
The roof of his Excellency — and perhaps
Is even that Alessandra of whom he spoke
As the betrothed of Castiglione,
His son and heir.

Pol. Be still! — it comes again!

Voice (*very faintly.*)
"And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus
Who hath loved thee so long
In wealth and wo among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay — say nay!"

Bal. The song is English, and I oft have heard it
In merry England — never so plaintively —
Hist! hist! it comes again!

Voice (*more loudly.*)
"Is it so strong
As for to leave me thus
Who hath loved thee so long
In wealth and wo among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay — say nay!"

Bal. 'T is hushed and all is still!

Pol. All *is not* still.

Bal. Let us go down.

Pol. Go down, Baldazzar, go!

Bal. The hour is growing late — the Duke awaits us, —
Thy presence is expected in the hall
Below. What ails thee, Earl Politian?

Voice (*distinctly.*) "Who hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and wo among,
And is thy heart so strong?
Say nay — say nay!"

Bal. Let us descend! — 't is time. Politian, give
These fancies to the wind. Remember, pray,
Your bearing lately savoured much of rudeness
Unto the Duke. Arouse thee! and remember!

Pol. Remember? I do. Lead on! I *do* remember.
(*going.*)
Let us descend. Believe me I would give,
Freely would give the broad lands of my earldom
To look upon the face hidden by yon lattice —
"To gaze upon that veiled face, and hear
Once more that silent tongue."

Bal. Let me beg you, sir,
Descend with me — the Duke may be offended.
Let us go down, I pray you.

(*Voice loudly.*) *Say nay! — say nay!*

Pol. (*aside.*) 'T is strange! — 't is very strange —
methought the voice
Chimed in with my desires and bade me stay!
(*approaching the window.*)
Sweet voice! I heed thee, and will surely stay.
Now be this Fancy, by Heaven, or be it Fate,
Still will I not descend. Baldazzar, make
Apology unto the Duke for me;
I go not down to-night.

Bal. Your lordship's pleasure
Shall be attended to. Good night, Politian.
Pol. Good night, my friend, good night.

IV

The gardens of a palace — Moonlight. Lalage and Politian.

Lalage. And dost thou speak of love
To *me*, Politian? — dost thou speak of love
To Lalage? — ah wo — ah wo is me!
This mockery is most cruel — most cruel indeed!
Politian. Weep not! oh, sob not thus! — thy bitter tears
Will madden me. Oh mourn not, Lalage —
Be comforted! I know — I know it all,
And *still* I speak of love. Look at me, brightest,
And beautiful Lalage! — turn here thine eyes!
Thou askest me if I could speak of love,
Knowing what I know, and seeing what I have seen.
Thou askest me that — and thus I answer thee —
Thus on my bended knee I answer thee. (*kneeling.*)
Sweet Lalage, *I love thee — love thee — love thee;*
Thro' good and ill — thro' weal and wo I *love thee.*
Not mother, with her first born on her knee,
Thrills with intenser love than I for thee.
Not on God's altar, in any time or clime,
Burned there a holier fire than burneth now
Within my spirit for *thee.* And do I love? (*arising.*)
Even for thy woes I love thee — even for thy woes —
Thy beauty and thy woes.
Lal. Alas, proud Earl,
Thou dost forget thyself, remembering me!

How, in thy father's halls, among the maidens
Pure and reproachless of thy princely line,
Could the dishonoured Lalage abide?
Thy wife, and with a tainted memory —
My seared and blighted name, how would it tally
With the ancestral honours of thy house,
And with thy glory?

Pol. Speak not to me of glory!
I hate — I loathe the name; I do abhor
The unsatisfactory and ideal thing.
Art thou not Lalage and I Politian?
Do I not love — art thou not beautiful —
What need we more? Ha! glory! — now speak not of it!
By all I hold most sacred and most solemn —
By all my wishes now — my fears hereafter —
By all I scorn on earth and hope in heaven —
There is no deed I would more glory in,
Than in thy cause to scoff at this same glory
And trample it under foot. What matters it —
What matters it, my fairest, and my best,
That we go down unhonoured and forgotten
Into the dust — so we descend together.
Descend together — and then — and then perchance —

Lal. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

Pol. And then perchance
Arise together, Lalage, and roam
The starry and quiet dwellings of the blest,
And still ——

Lal. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

Pol. And still *together — together.*

Lal. Now Earl of Leicester!
Thou *lovest* me, and in my heart of hearts
I feel thou lovest me truly.

Pol. Oh, Lalage! (*throwing himself upon his knee.*)
And lovest thou *me?*

Lal. Hist! hush! within the gloom
Of yonder trees methought a figure past —
A spectral figure, solemn, and slow, and noiseless —
Like the grim shadow Conscience, solemn and noiseless.
(*walks across and returns.*)
I was mistaken — 't was but a giant bough
Stirred by the autumn wind. Politian!

Pol. My Lalage — my love! why art thou moved?
Why dost thou turn so pale? Not Conscience' self,
Far less a shadow which thou likenest to it,
Should shake the firm spirit thus. But the night wind
Is chilly — and these melancholy boughs
Throw over all things a gloom.

Lal. Politian!
Thou speakest to me of love. Knowest thou the land
With which all tongues are busy — a land new found —
Miraculously found by one of Genoa —
A thousand leagues within the golden west?
A fairy land of flowers, and fruit, and sunshine,
And crystal lakes, and over-arching forests,
And mountains, around whose towering summits the winds
Of Heaven untrammelled flow — which air to breathe
Is Happiness now, and will be Freedom hereafter
In days that are to come?

Pol. O, wilt thou — wilt thou
Fly to that Paradise — my Lalage, wilt thou
Fly thither with me? There Care shall be forgotten,
And Sorrow shall be no more, and Eros be all.
And life shall then be mine, for I will live
For thee, and in thine eyes — and thou shalt be

No more a mourner — but the radiant Joys
Shall wait upon thee, and the angel Hope
Attend thee ever ; and I will kneel to thee
And worship thee, and call thee my beloved,
My own, my beautiful, my love, my wife,
My all; — oh, wilt thou — wilt thou, Lalage,
Fly thither with me?

Lal. A deed is to be done —
Castiglione lives!

Pol. And he shall die! (*exit.*)

Lal. (*after a pause.*) And — he — shall — die!
——— alas!
Castiglione die? Who spoke the words?
Where am I? — what was it he said? — Politian!
Thou *art* not gone — thou art not *gone*, Politian!
I *feel* thou art not gone — yet dare not look,
Lest I behold thee not; thou *couldst* not go
With those words upon thy lips — O, speak to me!
And let me hear thy voice — one word — one word,
To say thou art not gone, — one little sentence,
To say how thou dost scorn — how thou dost hate
My womanly weakness. Ha! ha! thou *art* not gone —
O speak to me! I *knew* thou wouldst not go!
I knew thou wouldst not, couldst not, *durst* not go.
Villain, thou *art* not gone — thou mockest me!
And thus I clutch thee — thus! ——— He is gone, he is
gone —
Gone — gone. Where am I? —— 't is well — 't is very
well!
So that the blade be keen — the blow be sure,
'T is well, 't is *very* well — alas! alas! (*exit.*)

V

The suburbs. Politian alone.

Politian. This weakness grows upon me. I am faint,
And much I fear me ill — it will not do
To die ere I have lived! Stay — stay thy hand,
O Azrael, yet awhile! — Prince of the Powers
Of Darkness and the Tomb, O pity me!
O pity me! let me not perish now,
In the budding of my Paradisal Hope!
Give me to live yet — yet a little while:
'T is I who pray for life — I who so late
Demanded but to die! — what sayeth the Count?

Enter Baldazzar.

Baldazzar. That knowing no cause of quarrel or of feud
Between the Earl Politian and himself,
He doth decline your cartel.

Pol. What didst thou say?
What answer was it you brought me, good Baldazzar?
With what excessive fragrance the zephyr comes
Laden from yonder bowers! — a fairer day,
Or one more worthy Italy, methinks
No mortal eyes have seen! — *what* said the Count?

Bal. That he, Castiglione, not being aware
Of any feud existing, or any cause
Of quarrel between your lordship and himself
Cannot accept the challenge.

Pol. It is most true —
All this is very true. When saw you, sir,
When saw you now, Baldazzar, in the frigid
Ungenial Britain which we left so lately,

A heaven so calm as this — so utterly free
From the evil taint of clouds? — and he did *say?*
Bal. No more, my lord, than I have told you, sir:
The Count Castiglione will not fight,
Having no cause for quarrel.
Pol. Now this is true —
All very true. Thou art my friend, Baldazzar,
And I have not forgotten it — thou 'lt do me
A piece of service; wilt thou go back and say
Unto this man, that I, the Earl of Leicester,
Hold him a villain? — thus much, I prythee, say
Unto the Count — it is exceeding just
He should have cause for quarrel.
Bal. My lord! — my friend! ———
Pol. (*aside.*) 'T is he — he comes himself! (*aloud.*)
thou reasonest well.
I know what thou wouldst say — not send the message —
Well! — I will think of it — I will not send it.
Now prythee, leave me — hither doth come a person
With whom affairs of a most private nature
I would adjust.
Bal. I go — to-morrow we meet,
Do we not? — at the Vatican.
Pol. At the Vatican. (*exit Bal.*)

Enter Castiglione.

Cas. The Earl of Leicester here!
Pol. I *am* the Earl of Leicester, and thou seest,
Dost thou not? that I am here.
Cas. My lord, some strange,
Some singular mistake — misunderstanding —
Hath without doubt arisen: thou hast been urged

Thereby, in heat of anger, to address
Some words most unaccountable, in writing,
To me, Castiglione; the bearer being
Baldazzar, Duke of Surrey. I am aware
Of nothing which might warrant thee in this thing,
Having given thee no offence. Ha! — am I right?
'T was a mistake? — undoubtedly — we all
Do err at times.

Pol. Draw, villain, and prate no more!

Cas. Ha! — draw? — and villain? have at thee then at once,
Proud Earl! (*draws.*)

Pol. (*drawing.*) Thus to the expiatory tomb,
Untimely sepulchre, I do devote thee
In the name of Lalage!

Cas. (*letting fall his sword and recoiling to the extremity of the stage.*)
Of Lalage!
Hold off — thy sacred hand! — avaunt I say!
Avaunt — I will not fight thee — indeed I dare not.

Pol. Thou wilt not fight with me didst say, Sir Count?
Shall I be baffled thus? — now this is well;
Didst say thou *darest* not? Ha!

Cas. I dare not — dare not —
Hold off thy hand — with that beloved name
So fresh upon thy lips I will not fight thee —
I cannot — dare not.

Pol. Now by my halidom
I do believe thee! — coward, I do believe thee!

Cas. Ha! — coward! — this may not be!
(*clutches his sword and staggers towards Politian, but his purpose is changed before reaching him, and he falls upon his knee at the feet of the Earl.*)

Alas! my lord,
It is — it is — most true. In such a cause
I am the veriest coward. O pity me!
Pol. (*greatly softened.*) Alas! — I do — indeed I pity thee.
Cas. And Lalage ———
Pol. *Scoundrel! — arise and die!*
Cas. It needeth not be — thus — thus — O let me die
Thus on my bended knee. It were most fitting
That in this deep humiliation I perish.
For in the fight I will not raise a hand
Against thee, Earl of Leicester. Strike thou home —
(*baring his bosom.*)
Here is no let or hindrance to thy weapon —
Strike home. I *will not* fight thee.
Pol. Now 's Death and Hell!
Am I not — am I not sorely — grievously tempted
To take thee at thy word? But mark me, sir!
Think not to fly me thus. Do thou prepare
For public insult in the streets — before
The eyes of the citizens. I 'll follow thee —
Like an avenging spirit I 'll follow thee
Even unto death. Before those whom thou lovest —
Before all Rome I 'll taunt thee, villain, — I 'll taunt thee,
Dost hear? with *cowardice* — thou *wilt not* fight me?
Thou liest! thou *shalt!* (*exit.*)
Cas. Now this indeed is just!
Most righteous, and most just, avenging Heaven!

LATER POEMS

LATER POEMS

THE BELLS

I

HEAR the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the Heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells.
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight! —
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! — how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of Night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yes, the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are Ghouls: —
And their king it is who tolls: —
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A Pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the Pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the Pæan of the bells —
Of the bells: —
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells: —
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells: —
To the tolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

TO M. L. S——

Of all who hail thy presence as the morning —
Of all to whom thine absence is the night —
The blotting utterly from out high heaven
The sacred sun — of all who, weeping, bless thee
Hourly for hope — for life — ah, above all,
For the resurrection of deep-buried faith
In truth, in virtue, in humanity —
Of all who, on despair's unhallowed bed
Lying down to die, have suddenly arisen
At thy soft-murmured words, "Let there be light!"
At the soft-murmured words that were fulfilled
In the seraphic glancing of thine eyes —
Of all who owe thee most, whose gratitude
Nearest resembles worship, — oh, remember
The truest, the most fervently devoted,
And think that these weak lines are written by him —
By him, who, as he pens them, thrills to think
His spirit is communing with an angel's.

TO ——— ——— ———

Not long ago, the writer of these lines,
In the mad pride of intellectuality,
Maintained "the power of words" — denied that ever
A thought arose within the human brain
Beyond the utterance of the human tongue;
And now, as if in mockery of that boast,
Two words — two foreign soft dissyllables —
Italian tones made only to be murmured
By angels dreaming in the moonlit "dew
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill" —
Have stirred from out the abysses of his heart,
Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought,
Richer, far wilder, far diviner visions
Than even the seraph harper, Israfel,
Who has "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures,"
Could hope to utter. And I! my spells are broken.
The pen falls powerless from my shivering hand.
With thy dear name as text, though bidden by thee,
I cannot write — I cannot speak or think,
Alas, I cannot feel; for 't is not feeling,
This standing motionless upon the golden
Threshold of the wide-open gate of dreams,
Gazing, entranced, adown the gorgeous vista,
And thrilling as I see upon the right,
Upon the left, and all the way along
Amid empurpled vapors, far away
To where the prospect terminates — *thee only.*

SONNET[1]

"SELDOM we find," says Solomon Don Dunce,
"Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.
Through all the flimsy things we see at once
As easily as through a Naples bonnet —
Trash of all trash! — how *can* a lady don it?
Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff —
Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff
Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it."
And, veritably, Sol is right enough.
The general Petrarchanities are arrant
Bubbles — ephemeral and *so* transparent —
But this is, now, — you may depend upon it —
Stable, opaque, immortal — all by dint
Of the dear names that lie concealed within 't.

[1] The title in all other editions of Poe's poems is, "An Enigma."

TO ——— ———[1]

I SAW thee once — once only — years ago:
I must not say *how* many — but *not* many.
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul, soaring,
Sought a precipitant pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,
Upon the upturn'd faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tip-toe —
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death —
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee and by the poetry of thy presence.

Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon
Fell on the upturn'd faces of the roses,
And on thine own, upturn'd — alas! in sorrow!

Was it not Fate that, on this July midnight —
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)
That bade me pause before that garden-gate
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footstep stirred: the hated world all slept,

[1] The title in all other editions of Poe's poems is, "To Helen."

Save only thee and me. I paused — I looked —
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out:
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees,
Were seen no more: the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.
All — all expired save thee — save less than thou:
Save only the divine light in thine eyes —
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them — they were the world to me.
I saw but them — saw only them for hours —
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a wo! yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep —
How fathomless a capacity for love!

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight,
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud,
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. *Only thine eyes remained.*
They *would* not go — they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me — they lead me through the years.
They are my ministers — yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle —
My duty *to be saved* by their bright light
And purified in their electric fire —

And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope)
And are far up in Heaven, the stars I kneel to
In the sad, silent watches of my night;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still — two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

A VALENTINE

To ——— ——— ———

For her these lines are penned, whose luminous eyes,
Brightly expressive as the twins of Lœda,
Shall find her own sweet name that, nestling, lies
Upon this page, enwrapped from every reader.
Search narrowly this rhyme, which holds a treasure
Divine — a talisman — an amulet
That must be worn at heart. Search well the measure;
The words — the letters themselves. Do not forget
The trivialest point, or you may lose your labor.
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
Which one might not undo without a sabre,
If one could merely understand the plot.
Enwritten upon this page whereon are peering
Such eager eyes, there lies, I say, *perdu*,
A well-known name, oft uttered in the hearing
Of poets, by poets; as the name is a poet's, too.
Its letters, although naturally lying —
Like the knight Pinto (Mendez Ferdinando) —
Still form a synonym for truth. Cease trying!
You will not read the riddle though you do the best
you *can* do.

FOR ANNIE

THANK Heaven! the crisis —
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last —
And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length —
But no matter! — I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead —
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart: — Ah that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness — the nausea —
The pitiless pain —

Have ceased with the fever
That maddened my brain —
With the fever called "Living"
That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures
That torture the worst
Has abated — the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the napthaline river
Of Passion accurst: —
I have drank of a water
That quenches all thirst: —

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground —
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

But ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed —
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses —

Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies —
A rosemary odor,
Commingled with pansies —
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie —
Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast —
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,
She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm —
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,
Now, in my bed,
(Knowing her love)
That you fancy me dead —
And I rest so contentedly,
Now, in my bed,
(With her love at my breast)
That you fancy me dead —
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead: —

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
For it sparkles with Annie —
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie —
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

SONNET — TO MY MOTHER

Because the angels in the Heavens above,
Devoutly singing unto one another,
Can find amid their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of "mother,"
Therefore by that sweet name I long have called you;
You who are more than mother unto me,
Filling my heart of hearts, where God installed you,
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother — my own mother, who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the dead I loved so dearly,
Are thus more precious than the one I knew,
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul life.

ELDORADO

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old —
This knight so bold —
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell, as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow —
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be —
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied, —
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee; —
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

She was a child and *I* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my Annabel Lee —
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, by night
Chilling my Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me: —
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud, chilling
And killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee: —

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, *my life* and my bride
In her sepulchre there by the sea —
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

ULALUME — A BALLAD

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crispèd and sere —
The leaves they were withering and sere:
It was night, in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year:
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir —
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul —
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll —
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the Pole —
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the Boreal Pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere —
Our memories were treacherous and sere;
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year —
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber,
(Though once we had journeyed down here)

We remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn —
As the star-dials hinted of morn —
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn —
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said — "She is warmer than Dian;
She rolls through an ether of sighs —
She revels in a region of sighs —
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies —
To the Lethean peace of the skies —
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes —
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said — "Sadly this star I mistrust —
Her pallor I strangely mistrust —
Ah, hasten! — Ah, let us not linger!
Ah, fly! — let us fly! — for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings till they trailed in the dust —

In agony sobbed; letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust —
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied — "This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sybillic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night: —
See! it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright —
We surely may trust to a gleaming,
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom —
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of a vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb —
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said — "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied — "Ulalume — Ulalume! —
'T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere —
As the leaves that were withering and sere;
And I cried — "It was surely October
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here! —

That I brought a dread burden down here —
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah! what demon hath tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber —
This misty mid region of Weir —
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber —
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Said *we*, then — the two, then — "Ah, can it
Have been that the woodlandish ghouls—
The pitiful, the Merciful ghouls —
To bar up our way and to ban it
From the secret that lies in these wolds —
From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds —
Have drawn up the spectre of a planet
From the limbo of lunary souls,
This sinfully scintillant planet
From the Hell of the planetary souls?"

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH

PRIVATE reasons — some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems — have induced me, after some hesitation, to re-publish these, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood. They are printed *verbatim* — without alteration from the original edition — the date of which is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged.

E. A. P.

Note by Poe, prefixed to "Poems Written in Youth" in the Edition of 1845.

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH

TAMERLANE

KIND solace in a dying hour!
Such, father, is not (now) my theme —
I will not madly deem that power
Of Earth may shrive me of the sin
Unearthly pride hath revell'd in —
I have no time to dote or dream:
You call it hope — that fire of fire!
It is but agony of desire:
If I *can* hope — Oh God! I can —
Its fount is holier — more divine —
I would not call thee fool, old man,
But such is not a gift of thine.

Know thou the secret of a spirit
Bow'd from its wild pride into shame.
O yearning heart! I did inherit
Thy withering portion with the fame,
The searing glory which hath shone
Amid the Jewels of my throne,
Halo of Hell! and with a pain
Not hell shall make me fear again —

O craving heart, for the lost flowers
And sunshine of my summer hours!
The undying voice of that dead time,
With its interminable chime,

Rings, in the spirit of a spell,
Upon thy emptiness — a knell.

I have not always been as now:
The fever'd diadem on my brow
I claim'd and won usurpingly ——
Hath not the same fierce heirdom given
Rome to the Cæsar — this to me?
The heritage of a kingly mind,
And a proud spirit which hath striven
Triumphantly with human kind.

On mountain soil I first drew life:
The mists of the Taglay have shed
Nightly their dews upon my head,
And, I believe, the wingèd strife
And tumult of the headlong air
Have nestled in my very hair.

So late from Heaven — that dew — it fell
('Mid dreams of an unholy night)
Upon me with the touch of Hell,
While the red flashing of the light
From clouds that hung, like banners, o'er,
Appeared to my half-closing eye
The pageantry of monarchy,
And the deep trumpet-thunder's roar
Came hurriedly upon me, telling
Of human battle, where my voice,
My own voice, silly child! — was swelling
(O! how my spirit would rejoice,
And leap within me at the cry)
The battle-cry of Victory!

The rain came down upon my head
  Unshelter'd — and the heavy wind
  Rendered me mad and deaf and blind.
It was but man, I thought, who shed
  Laurels upon me: and the rush —
The torrent of the chilly air
Gurgled within my ear the crush
  Of empires — with the captive's prayer —
The hum of suitors — and the tone
Of flattery 'round a sovereign's throne.

My passions, from that hapless hour,
  Usurp'd a tyranny which men
Have deem'd, since I have reach'd to power,
    My innate nature — be it so:
  But, father, there liv'd one who, then,
Then — in my boyhood — when their fire
    Burn'd with a still intenser glow
(For passion must, with youth, expire)
  E'en *then* who knew this iron heart
  In woman's weakness had a part.

I have no words — alas! — to tell
The loveliness of loving well!
Nor would I now attempt to trace
The more than beauty of a face
Whose lineaments, upon my mind,
Are —— shadows on th' unstable wind:
Thus I remember having dwelt
  Some page of early lore upon,
With loitering eye, till I have felt
The letters — with their meaning — melt
  To fantasies — with none.

O, she was worthy of all love!
Love — as in infancy was mine —
'T was such as angel minds above
Might envy; her young heart the shrine
On which my every hope and thought
Were incense — then a goodly gift,
For they were childish and upright —
Pure —— as her young example taught:
Why did I leave it, and, adrift,
Trust to the fire within, for light?

We grew in age — and love — together —
Roaming the forest, and the wild;
My breast her shield in wintry weather —
And, when the friendly sunshine smil'd,
And she would mark the opening skies,
I saw no Heaven — but in her eyes.

Young Love's first lesson is —— the heart:
For 'mid that sunshine, and those smiles,
When, from our little cares apart,
And laughing at her girlish wiles,
I 'd throw me on her throbbing breast,
And pour my spirit out in tears —
There was no need to speak the rest —
No need to quiet any fears
Of her — who ask'd no reason why,
But turn'd on me her quiet eye!

Yet *more* than worthy of the love
My spirit struggled with, and strove,
When, on the mountain peak, alone,
Ambition lent it a new tone —

I had no being — but in thee:
The world, and all it did contain
In the earth — the air — the sea —
Its joy — its little lot of pain
That was new pleasure —— the ideal,
Dim, vanities of dreams by night —
And dimmer nothings which were real —
(Shadows — and a more shadowy light!)
Parted upon their misty wings,
And, so, confusedly, became
Thine image and — a name — a name!
Two separate — yet most intimate things.

I was ambitious — have you known
The passion, father? You have not:
A cottager, I mark'd a throne
Of half the world as all my own,
And murmur'd at such lowly lot —
But, just like any other dream,
Upon the vapor of the dew
My own had past, did not the beam
Of beauty which did while it thro'
The minute — the hour — the day — oppress
My mind with double loveliness.

We walk'd together on the crown
Of a high mountain which look'd down
Afar from its proud natural towers
Of rock and forest, on the hills —
The dwindled hills! begirt with bowers
And shouting with a thousand rills.

I spoke to her of power and pride,
But mystically — in such guise

That she might deem it nought beside
The moment's converse; in her eyes
I read, perhaps too carelessly —
A mingled feeling with my own —
The flush on her bright cheek, to me
Seem'd to become a queenly throne
Too well that I should let it be
Light in the wilderness alone.

I wrapp'd myself in grandeur then
And donn'd a visionary crown ——
Yet it was not that Fantasy
Had thrown her mantle over me —
But that, among the rabble — men,
Lion ambition is chain'd down —
And crouches to a keeper's hand —
Not so in deserts where the grand —
The wild — the terrible conspire
With their own breath to fan his fire.
Look 'round thee now on Samarcand! —
Is she not queen of Earth? her pride
Above all cities? in her hand
Their destinies? in all beside
Of glory which the world hath known
Stands she not nobly and alone?
Falling — her veriest stepping-stone
Shall form the pedestal of a throne —
And who her sovereign? Timour — he
Whom the astonished people saw
Striding o'er empires haughtily
A diadem'd outlaw!

O, human love! thou spirit given,
On Earth, of all we hope in Heaven!

Which fall'st into the soul like rain
Upon the Siroc-wither'd plain,
And, failing in thy power to bless,
But leav'st the heart a wilderness!
Idea! which bindest life around
With music of so strange a sound
And beauty of so wild a birth —
Farewell! for I have won the Earth.

When Hope, the eagle that tower'd, could see
No cliff beyond him in the sky,
His pinions were bent droopingly —
And homeward turn'd his soften'd eye.
'T was sunset: when the sun will part
There comes a sullenness of heart
To him who still would look upon
The glory of the summer sun.
That soul will hate the ev'ning mist
So often lovely, and will list
To the sound of the coming darkness (known
To those whose spirits harken) as one
Who, in a dream of night, *would* fly
But *cannot* from a danger nigh.

What tho' the moon — the white moon
Shed all the splendor of her noon,
Her smile is chilly — and *her* beam,
In that time of dreariness, will seem
(So like you gather in your breath)
A portrait taken after death.

And boyhood is a summer sun
Whose waning is the dreariest one —

For all we live to know is known
And all we seek to keep hath flown —
Let life, then, as the day-flower, fall
With the noon-day beauty — which is all.

I reach'd my home — my home no more —
For all had flown who made it so.
I pass'd from out its mossy door,
And, tho' my tread was soft and low,
A voice came from the threshold stone
Of one whom I had earlier known —
O, I defy thee, Hell, to show
On beds of fire that burn below,
An humbler heart — a deeper wo.

Father, I firmly do believe —
I *know* — for Death who comes for me
From regions of the blest afar,
Where there is nothing to deceive,
Hath left his iron gate ajar,
And rays of truth you cannot see
Are flashing thro' Eternity ——
I do believe that Eblis hath
A snare in every human path —
Else how, when in the holy grove
I wandered of the idol, Love,
Who daily scents his snowy wings
With incense of burnt offerings
From the most unpolluted things,
Whose pleasant bowers are yet so riven
Above with trellis'd rays from Heaven
No mote may shun — no tiniest fly —

The light'ning of his eagle eye —
How was it that Ambition crept,
  Unseen, amid the revels there,
Till growing bold, he laughed and leapt
  In the tangles of Love's very hair?

SONNET — TO SCIENCE

SCIENCE! true daughter of Old Time thou art!
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

AL AARAAF *

PART I

O! NOTHING earthly save the ray
(Thrown back from flowers) of Beauty's eye,
As in those gardens where the day
Springs from the gems of Circassy —
O! nothing earthly save the thrill
Of melody in woodland rill —
Or (music of the passion-hearted)
Joy's voice so peacefully departed
That like the murmur in the shell,
Its echo dwelleth and will dwell —
Oh, nothing of the dross of ours —
Yet all the beauty — all the flowers
That list our Love, and deck our bowers —
Adorn yon world afar, afar —
The wandering star.

'T was a sweet time for Nesace — for there
Her world lay lolling on the golden air,
Near four bright suns — a temporary rest —
An oasis in desert of the blest.
Away — away — 'mid seas of rays that roll
Empyrean splendor o'er th' unchained soul —
The soul that scarce (the billows are so dense)
Can struggle to its destin'd eminence —

* A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe which appeared suddenly in the heavens — attained, in a few days, a brilliancy surpassing that of Jupiter — then as suddenly disappeared, and has never been seen since.

To distant spheres, from time to time, she rode,
And late to ours, the favour'd one of God —
But, now, the ruler of an anchor'd realm,
She throws aside the sceptre — leaves the helm,
And, amid incense and high spiritual hymns,
Laves in quadruple light her angel limbs.

Now happiest, loveliest in yon lovely Earth,
Whence sprang the "Idea of Beauty" into birth,
(Falling in wreaths thro' many a startled star,
Like woman's hair 'mid pearls, until, afar,
It lit on hills Achaian, and there dwelt)
She look'd into Infinity — and knelt.
Rich clouds, for canopies, about her curled —
Fit emblems of the model of her world —
Seen but in beauty — not impeding sight
Of other beauty glittering thro' the light —
A wreath that twined each starry form around,
And all the opal'd air in color bound.

All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed
Of flowers: of lilies such as rear'd the head
* On the fair Capo Deucato, and sprang
So eagerly around about to hang
Upon the flying footsteps of —— deep pride —
† Of her who lov'd a mortal — and so died.
The Sephalica, budding with young bees,
Uprear'd its purple stem around her knees:
‡ And gemmy flower, of Trebizond misnam'd —

* On Santa Maura — olim Deucadia.

† Sappho.

‡ This flower is much noticed by Lewenhoeck and Tournefort. The bee, feeding upon its blossom, becomes intoxicated.

Inmate of highest stars, where erst it sham'd
All other loveliness: its honied dew
(The fabled nectar that the heathen knew)
Deliriously sweet, was dropp'd from Heaven,
And fell on gardens of the unforgiven
In Trebizond — and on a sunny flower
So like its own above that, to this hour,
It still remaineth, torturing the bee
With madness, and unwonted reverie:
In Heaven, and all its environs, the leaf
And blossom of the fairy plant, in grief
Disconsolate linger — grief that hangs her head,
Repenting follies that full long have fled,
Heaving her white breast to the balmy air,
Like guilty beauty, chasten'd, and more fair:
Nyctanthes too, as sacred as the light
She fears to perfume, perfuming the night:
* And Clytia pondering between many a sun,
While pettish tears adown her petals run:
† And that aspiring flower that sprang on earth —
And died, ere scarce exalted into birth,
Bursting its odorous heart in spirit to wing
Its way to Heaven, from garden of a king:

* Clytia — The Chrysanthemum Peruvianum, or, to employ a better-known term, the turnsol — which turns continually towards the sun, covers itself, like Peru, the country from which it comes, with dewy clouds which cool and refresh its flowers during the most violent heat of the day. — *B. de St. Pierre.*

† There is cultivated in the king's garden at Paris, a species of serpentine aloes without prickles, whose large and beautiful flower exhales a strong odour of the vanilla, during the time of its expansion, which is very short. It does not blow till towards the month of July — you then perceive it gradually open its petals — expand them — fade and die. — *St. Pierre.*

* And Valisnerian lotus thither flown
From struggling with the waters of the Rhone:
† And thy most lovely purple perfume, Zante!
Isola d'oro! — Fior di Levante!
‡ And the Nelumbo bud that floats for ever
With Indian Cupid down the holy river —
Fair flowers, and fairy! to whose care is given
§ To bear the Goddess' song, in odors, up to Heaven:

"Spirit! that dwellest where,
In the deep sky,
The terrible and fair,
In beauty vie!
Beyond the line of blue —
The boundary of the star
Which turneth at the view
Of thy barrier and thy bar —
Of the barrier overgone
By the comets who were cast
From their pride, and from their throne
To be drudges till the last —
To be carriers of fire
(The red fire of their heart)
With speed that may not tire
And with pain that shall not part —

* There is found, in the Rhone, a beautiful lily of the Valisnerian kind. Its stem will stretch to the length of three or four feet — thus preserving its head above water in the swellings of the river.

† The Hyacinth.

‡ It is a fiction of the Indians, that Cupid was first seen floating in one of these down the river Ganges — and that he still loves the cradle of his childhood.

§ And golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of the saints. — *Rev. St. John.*

Who livest — *that* we know —
In Eternity — we feel —
But the shadow of whose brow
What spirit shall reveal?
Tho' the beings whom thy Nesace,
Thy messenger hath known
Have dream'd for thy Infinity
*A model of their own —
Thy will is done, Oh, God!
The star hath ridden high
Thro' many a tempest, but she rode
Beneath thy burning eye;
And here, in thought, to thee —
In thought that can alone

* The Humanitarians held that God was to be understood as having really a human form. — *Vide Clarke's Sermons*, vol. 1, page 26, fol. edit.

The drift of Milton's argument, leads him to employ language which would appear, at first sight, to verge upon their doctrine; but it will be seen immediately, that he guards himself against the charge of having adopted one of the most ignorant errors of the dark ages of the church. — *Dr. Sumner's Notes on Milton's Christian Doctrine.*

This opinion, in spite of many testimonies to the contrary, could never have been very general. Andeus, a Syrian of Mesopotamia, was condemned for the opinion, as heretical. He lived in the beginning of the fourth century. His disciples were called Anthropomorphites. — *Vide Du Pin.*

Among Milton's minor poems are these lines: —

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum Deæ, &c.
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus?
Eternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque et universus exemplar Dei. — And afterwards,
Non cui profundum Cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu, &c.

Ascend thy empire and so be
A partner of thy throne —
* By winged Fantasy,
My embassy is given,
Till secrecy shall knowledge be
In the environs of Heaven."

She ceas'd — and buried then her burning cheek
Abash'd, amid the lilies there, to seek
A shelter from the fervour of His eye;
For the stars trembled at the Deity.
She stir'd not — breath'd not — for a voice was there
How solemnly pervading the calm air!
A sound of silence on the startled ear
Which dreamy poets name "the music of the sphere."
Ours is a world of words: Quiet we call
"Silence" — which is the merest word of all.
All Nature speaks, and ev'n ideal things
Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings —
But ah! not so when, thus, in realms on high
The eternal voice of God is passing by,
And the red winds are withering in the sky!

† "What tho' in worlds which sightless cycles run,
Link'd to a little system, and one sun —
Where all my love is folly and the crowd
Still think my terrors but the thunder cloud,
The storm, the earthquake, and the ocean-wrath —
(Ah! will they cross me in my angrier path?)

* Seltsamen Tochter Jovis
Seinem Schosskinde
Der Phantasie. — *Göethe.*

† Sightless — too small to be seen. — *Legge.*

What tho' in worlds which own a single sun
The sands of Time grow dimmer as they run,
Yet thine is my resplendency, so given
To bear my secrets thro' the upper Heaven.
Leave tenantless thy crystal home, and fly,
With all thy train, athwart the moony sky —
* Apart — like fire-flies in Sicilian night,
And wing to other worlds another light!
Divulge the secrets of thy embassy
To the proud orbs that twinkle — and so be
To ev'ry heart a barrier and a ban
Lest the stars totter in the guilt of man!"

Up rose the maiden in the yellow night,
The single-moonèd eve! — on Earth we plight
Our faith to one love — and one moon adore —
The birth-place of young Beauty had no more.
As sprang that yellow star from downy hours
Up rose the maiden from her shrine of flowers,
And bent o'er sheeny mountain and dim plain
† Her way — but left not yet her Therasæan reign.

PART II

High on a mountain of enamell'd head —
Such as the drowsy shepherd on his bed
Of giant pasturage lying at his ease,
Raising his heavy eyelid, starts and sees

* I have often noticed a peculiar movement of the fire-flies; — they will collect in a body and fly off, from a common centre, into innumerable radii.

† Therasæa, or Therasea, the island mentioned by Seneca, which, in a moment, arose from the sea to the eyes of astonished mariners.

With many a mutter'd "hope to be forgiven"
What time the moon is quadrated in Heaven —
Of rosy head, that towering far away
Into the sunlit ether, caught the ray
Of sunken suns at eve — at noon of night,
While the moon danc'd with the fair stranger light —
Uprear'd upon such height arose a pile
Of gorgeous columns on th' unburthen'd air,
Flashing from Parian marble that twin smile
Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,
And nursled the young mountain in its lair.
* Of molten stars their pavement, such as fall
Thro' the ebon air, besilvering the pall
Of their own dissolution, while they die —
Adorning then the dwellings of the sky.
A dome, by linkèd light from Heaven let down,
Sat gently on these columns as a crown —
A window of one circular diamond, there,
Look'd out above into the purple air,
And rays from God shot down that meteor chain
And hallow'd all the beauty twice again,
Save when, between th' Empyrean and that ring,
Some eager spirit flapp'd his dusky wing.
But on the pillars Seraph eyes have seen
The dimness of this world: that greyish green
That Nature loves the best for Beauty's grave
Lurk'd in each cornice, round each architrave —
And every sculptur'd cherub thereabout
That from his marble dwelling peerèd out,
Seem'd earthly in the shadow of his niche —
Achaian statues in a world so rich.

* Some star which, from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus, by mischance, did fall. — *Milton.*

* Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis —
From Balbec, and the stilly, clear abyss
† Of beautiful Gomorrah! O, the wave
Is now upon thee — but too late to save!

Sound loves to revel in a summer night:
Witness the murmur of the grey twilight
‡ That stole upon the ear, in Eyraco,
Of many a wild star-gazer long ago —
That stealeth ever on the ear of him
Who, musing, gazeth on the distance dim,
And sees the darkness coming as a cloud —
§ Is not its form — its voice — most palpable and loud?

But what is this? — it cometh — and it brings
A music with it — 't is the rush of wings —

* Voltaire, in speaking of Persepolis says, "Je connois bien l'admiration qu'inspirent ces ruines — mais un palais erigé au pied d'une chaine des rochers sterils — peut il être un chef d'œuvre des arts!"

† "O, the wave" — Ula Deguisi is the Turkish appellation; but, on its own shores, it is called Bahar Loth, or Almotanah. There were undoubtedly more than two cities engulphed in the "dead sea." In the valley of Siddim were five — Adrah, Zeboin, Zoar, Sodom and Gomorrah. Stephen of Byzantium mentions eight, and Strabo thirteen, (engulphed) — but the last is out of all reason.

It is said (Tacitus, Strabo, Josephus, Daniel of St. Saba, Nau, Maundrell, Troilo, D'Arvieux) that after an excessive drought, the vestiges of columns, walls, &c. are seen above the surface. At *any* season, such remains may be discovered by looking down into the transparent lake, and at such distances as would argue the existence of many settlements in the space now usurped by the 'Asphaltites.'

‡ Eyraco — Chaldea.

§ I have often thought I could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness as it stole over the horizon.

A pause — and then a sweeping, falling strain
And Nesace is in her halls again.
From the wild energy of wanton haste
  Her cheeks were flushing, and her lips apart;
And zone that clung around her gentle waist
  Had burst beneath the heaving of her heart.
Within the centre of that hall to breathe
She paus'd and panted, Zanthe! all beneath,
The fairy light that kiss'd her golden hair
And long'd to rest, yet could but sparkle there!

*Young flowers were whispering in melody
To happy flowers that night — and tree to tree;
Fountains were gushing music as they fell
In many a star-lit grove, or moon-lit dell;
Yet silence came upon material things —
Fair flowers, bright waterfalls and angel wings —
And sound alone that from the spirit sprang
Bore burthen to the charm the maiden sang:

"Neath blue-bell or streamer —
  Or tufted wild spray
That keeps, from the dreamer,
  †The moonbeam away —
Bright beings! that ponder,
  With half closing eyes,

* Fairies use flowers for their charactery. — *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

† In Scripture is this passage — "The sun shall not harm thee by day, nor the moon by night." It is perhaps not generally known that the moon, in Egypt, has the effect of producing blindness to those who sleep with the face exposed to its rays, to which circumstance the passage evidently alludes.

On the stars which your wonder
Hath drawn from the skies,
'Till they glance thro' the shade, and
Come down to your brow
Like —— eyes of the maiden
Who calls on you now —
Arise! from your dreaming
In violet bowers,
To duty beseeming
These star-litten hours —
And shake from your tresses
Encumber'd with dew
The breath of those kisses
That cumber them too —
(O! how, without you, Love!
Could angels be blest?)
Those kisses of true love
That lull'd ye to rest!
Up! — shake from your wing
Each hindering thing:
The dew of the night —
It would weigh down your flight;
And true love caresses —
O! leave them apart!
They are light on the tresses,
But lead on the heart.

Ligeia! Ligeia!
My beautiful one!
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run,
O! is it thy will
On the breezes to toss?

Or, capriciously still,
*Like the lone Albatross,
Incumbent on night
(As she on the air)
To keep watch with delight
On the harmony there?
Ligeia! wherever
Thy image may be,
No magic shall sever
Thy music from thee.
Thou hast bound many eyes
In a dreamy sleep—
But the strains still arise
Which *thy* vigilance keep—
The sound of the rain
Which leaps down to the flower,
And dances again
In the rhythm of the shower—
†The murmur that springs
From the growing of grass
Are the music of things—
But are modell'd, alas!—
Away, then my dearest,
O! hie thee away
To springs that lie clearest
Beneath the moon-ray—
To lone lake that smiles,
In its dream of deep rest,

* The Albatross is said to sleep on the wing.

† I met with this idea in an old English tale, which I am now unable to obtain and quote from memory: — "The verie essence and, as it were, springeheade and origine of all musiche is the verie pleasaunte sounde which the trees of the forest do make when they growe."

At the many star-isles
That enjewel its breast —
Where wild flowers, creeping,
Have mingled their shade,
On its margin is sleeping
Full many a maid —
Some have left the cool glade, and
*Have slept with the bee —
Arouse them, my maiden,
On moorland and lea —
Go! breathe on their slumber,
All softly in ear,
The musical number
They slumber'd to hear —
For what can awaken
An angel so soon
Whose sleep hath been taken
Beneath the cold moon,
As the spell which no slumber
Of witchery may test,
The rhythmical number
Which lull'd him to rest?"

Spirits in wing, and angels to the view,
A thousand seraphs burst th' Empyrean thro',

* The wild bee will not sleep in the shade if there be moonlight. The rhyme in this verse, as in one about sixty lines before, has an appearance of affectation. It is, however, imitated from Sir W. Scott, or rather from Claud Halcro — in whose mouth I admired its affect:

O! were there an island,
Tho' ever so wild
Where woman might smile, and
No man be beguil'd, &c.

Young dreams still hovering on their drowsy flight —
Seraphs in all but "Knowledge," the keen light
That fell, refracted, thro' thy bounds, afar
O Death! from eye of God upon that star:
Sweet was that error — sweeter still that death —
Sweet was that error — ev'n with *us* the breath
Of Science dims the mirror of our joy —
To them 't were the Simoom, and would destroy —
For what (to them) availeth it to know
That Truth is Falsehood — or that Bliss is Woe?
Sweet was their death — with them to die was rife
With the last ecstasy of satiate life —
Beyond that death no immortality —
But sleep that pondereth and is not "to be" —
And there — oh! may my weary spirit dwell —
* Apart from Heaven's Eternity — and yet how far
from Hell!
What guilty spirit, in what shrubbery dim,
Heard not the stirring summons of that hymn?

* With the Arabians there is a medium between Heaven and Hell, where men suffer no punishment, but yet do not attain that tranquil and even happiness which they suppose to be characteristic of heavenly enjoyment.

> Un no rompido sueno —
> Un dia puro — allegre — libre
> Quiera —
> Libre de amor — de zelo —
> De odio — de esperanza — de rezelo. — *Luis Ponce de Leon.*

Sorrow is not excluded from "Al Aaraaf," but it is that sorrow which the living love to cherish for the dead, and which, in some minds, resembles the delirium of opium. The passionate excitement of Love and the buoyancy of spirit attendant upon intoxication are its less holy pleasures — the price of which, to those souls who make choice of "Al Aaraaf" as their residence after life, is final death and annihilation.

But two: they fell: for Heaven no grace imparts
To those who hear not for their beating hearts.
A maiden-angel and her seraph-lover —
O! where (and ye may seek the wide skies over)
Was Love, the blind, near sober Duty known?
*Unguided Love hath fallen — 'mid "tears of perfect moan."
He was a goodly spirit — he who fell:
A wanderer by moss-y-mantled well —
A gazer on the lights that shine above —
A dreamer in the moonbeam by his love:
What wonder? for each star is eye-like there,
And looks so sweetly down on Beauty's hair —
And they, and ev'ry mossy spring were holy
To his love-haunted heart and melancholy.
The night had found (to him a night of wo)
Upon a mountain crag, young Angelo —
Beetling it bends athwart the solemn sky,
And scowls on starry worlds that down beneath it lie.
Here sate he with his love — his dark eye bent
With eagle gaze along the firmament:
Now turn'd it upon her — but ever then
It trembled to the orb of EARTH again.

"Ianthe, dearest, see! how dim that ray!
How lovely 't is to look so far away!
She seem'd not thus upon that autumn eve
I left her gorgeous halls — nor mourn'd to leave.
That eve — that eve — I should remember well —
The sun-ray dropp'd, in Lemnos, with a spell
On th' Arabesque carving of a gilded hall
Wherein I sate, and on the draperied wall —

*There be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon. — *Milton.*

And on my eye-lids — O the heavy light!
How drowsily it weigh'd them into night!
On flowers, before, and mist, and love they ran
With Persian Saadi in his Gulistan:
But O that light! — I slumber'd — Death, the while,
Stole o'er my senses in that lovely isle
So softly that no single silken hair
Awoke that slept — or knew that he was there.
The last spot of Earth's orb I trod upon
* Was a proud temple call'd the Parthenon —
More beauty clung around her column'd wall
† Than ev'n thy glowing bosom beats withal,
And when old Time my wing did disenthral
Thence sprang I — as the eagle from his tower,
And years I left behind me in an hour.
What time upon her airy bounds I hung
One half the garden of her globe was flung
Unrolling as a chart unto my view —
Tenantless cities of the desert too!
Ianthe, beauty crowded on me then,
And half I wish'd to be again of men."
"My Angelo! and why of them to be?
A brighter dwelling-place is there for thee —
And greener fields than in yon world above,
And woman's loveliness — and passionate love."

"But, list, Ianthe! when the air so soft
‡ Fail'd, as my pennon'd spirit leapt aloft,
Perhaps my brain grew dizzy — but the world
I left so late was into chaos hurl'd —

* It was entire in 1687 — the most elevated spot in Athens.

† Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love. — *Marlowe.*

‡ Pennon — for pinion. — *Milton.*

Sprang from her station, on the winds apart,
And roll'd, a flame, the fiery Heaven athwart.
Methought, my sweet one, then I ceased to soar
And fell — not swiftly as I rose before,
But with a downward, tremulous motion thro'
Light, brazen rays, this golden star unto!
Nor long the measure of my falling hours,
For nearest of all stars was thine to ours —
Dread star! that came, amid a night of mirth,
A red Dædalion on the timid Earth.

"We came — and to thy Earth — but not to us
Be given our lady's bidding to discuss:
We came, my love; around, above, below,
Gay fire-fly of the night we come and go,
Nor ask a reason save the angel-nod
She grants to us, as granted by her God —
But, Angelo, than thine grey Time unfurl'd
Never his fairy wing o'er fairier world!
Dim was its little disk, and angel eyes
Alone could see the phantom in the skies,
When first Al Aaraaf knew her course to be
Headlong thitherward o'er the starry sea —
But when its glory swell'd upon the sky,
As glowing Beauty's bust beneath man's eye,
We paus'd before the heritage of men,
And thy star trembled — as doth Beauty then!"

Thus, in discourse, the lovers whiled away
The night that waned and waned and brought no day.
They fell: for Heaven to them no hope imparts
Who hear not for the beating of their hearts.

ROMANCE

Romance, who loves to nod and sing,
With drowsy head and folded wing,
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake,
To me a painted paroquet
Hath been — a most familiar bird —
Taught me my alphabet to say —
To lisp my very earliest word
While in the wild wood I did lie,
A child — with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal Condor years
So shake the very Heaven on high
With tumult as they thunder by,
I have no time for idle cares
Through gazing on the unquiet sky.
And when an hour with calmer wings
Its down upon my spirit flings —
That little time with lyre and rhyme
To while away — forbidden things!
My heart would feel to be a crime
Unless it trembled with the strings.

SONG

I saw thee on thy bridal day —
  When a burning blush came o'er thee,
Though happiness around thee lay,
  The world all love before thee:

And in thine eye a kindling light
  (Whatever it might be)
Was all on Earth my aching sight
  Of Loveliness could see.

That blush, perhaps, was maiden shame —
  As such it well may pass —
Though its glow hath raised a fiercer flame
  In the breast of him, alas!

Who saw thee on that bridal day,
  When that deep blush *would* come o'er thee,
Though happiness around thee lay,
  The world all love before thee.

DREAMS

Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream!
My spirit not awakening, till the beam
Of an Eternity should bring the morrow.'
Yes! tho' that long dream were of hopeless sorrow,
'T were better than the cold reality
Of waking life, to him whose heart must be,
And hath been still, upon the lovely earth,
A chaos of deep passion, from his birth.
But should it be — that dream eternally
Continuing — as dreams have been to me
In my young boyhood — should it thus be given,
'T were folly still to hope for higher Heaven.
For I have revell'd when the sun was bright
I' the summer sky, in dreams of living light,
And loveliness, — have left my very heart
Inclines of my imagining, apart
From mine own home, with beings that have been
Of mine own thought — what more could I have seen?
'T was once — and only once — and the wild hour
From my remembrance shall not pass — some power
Or spell had bound me — 't was the chilly wind
Came o'er me in the night, and left behind
Its image on my spirit — or the moon
Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon
Too coldly — or the stars — howe'er it was
That dream was as that night-wind — let it pass.

I *have been* happy, tho' in a dream.
I have been happy — and I love the theme:

Dreams! in their vivid colouring of life
As in that fleeting, shadowy, misty strife
Of semblance with reality which brings
To the delirious eye, more lovely things
Of Paradise and Love — and all our own!
Than young Hope in his sunniest hour hath known.

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD

I

Thy soul shall find itself alone
'Mid dark thoughts of the gray tomb-stone —
Not one, of all the crowd, to pry
Into thine hour of secrecy:

II

Be silent in that solitude,
  Which is not loneliness — for then
The spirits of the dead who stood
  In life before thee are again
In death around thee — and their will
Shall overshadow thee: be still.

III

The night — tho' clear — shall frown —
And the stars shall look not down,
From their high thrones in the heaven,
With light like Hope to mortals given —
But their red orbs, without beam,
To thy weariness shall seem
As a burning and a fever
Which would cling to thee for ever.

IV

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish —
Now are visions ne'er to vanish —
From thy spirit shall they pass
No more — like dew-drop from the grass.

V

The breeze — the breath of God — is still —
And the mist upon the hill
Shadowy — shadowy — yet unbroken,
Is a symbol and a token —
How it hangs upon the trees,
A mystery of mysteries! —

EVENING STAR

'T was noontide of summer,
And mid-time of night;
And stars, in their orbits,
Shone pale, thro' the light
Of the brighter, cold moon,
'Mid planets her slaves,
Herself in the Heavens,
Her beam on the waves.
I gazed awhile
On her cold smile;
Too cold — too cold for me —
There pass'd, as a shroud,
A fleecy cloud,
And I turn'd away to thee,
Proud Evening Star,
In thy glory afar,
And dearer thy beam shall be;
For joy to my heart
Is the proud part
Thou bearest in Heaven at night,
And more I admire
Thy distant fire,
Than that colder, lowly light.

TO ——[1]

Take this kiss upon thy brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow —
You are not wrong, to deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if Hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less *gone?*
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand —
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep — while I weep!
O, God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O, God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is *all* that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

[1] Poe's title in the *Flag of Our Union* was "A Dream within a Dream."

"IN YOUTH HAVE I KNOWN ONE WITH WHOM THE EARTH"[1]

How often we forget all time, when lone
Admiring Nature's universal throne;
Her woods — her wilds — her mountains — the intense
Reply of HERS to our intelligence![2]

1

In youth have I known one with whom the Earth
In secret communing held — as he with it,
In daylight, and in beauty from his birth:
Whose fervid, flickering torch of life was lit
From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn forth
A passionate light — such for his spirit was fit —
And yet that spirit knew not, in the hour
Of its own fervour, what had o'er it power.

2

Perhaps it may be that my mind is wrought
To a ferver by the moonbeam that hangs o'er,
But I will half believe that wild light fraught
With more of sovereignty than ancient lore
Hath ever told — or is it of a thought
The unembodied essence, and no more,
That with a quickening spell doth o'er us pass
As dew of the night-time o'er the summer grass?

[1] The late E. C. Stedman gave this the title of "Stanzas" in the Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe's poems, which all succeeding editions have followed.

[2] Byron, "The Island."

3

Doth o'er us pass, when, as th' expanding eye
To the loved object — so the tear to the lid
Will start, which lately slept in apathy?
And yet it need not be — (that object) hid
From us in life — but common — which doth lie
Each hour before us — but *then* only, bid
With a strange sound, as of a harp-string broken,
To awake us — 'T is a symbol and a token

4

Of what in other worlds shall be — and given
In beauty by our God, to those alone
Who otherwise would fall from life and Heaven
Drawn by their heart's passion, and that tone,
That high tone of the spirit which hath striven,
Tho' not with Faith — with godliness — whose throne
With desperate energy 't hath beaten down;
Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown.

A DREAM

In visions of the dark night
I have dreamed of joy departed —
But a waking dream of life and light
Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah! what is not a dream by day
To him whose eyes are cast
On things around him with a ray
Turned back upon the past?

That holy dream — that holy dream,
While all the world were chiding,
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam
A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light, thro' storm and night,
So trembled from afar —
What could there be more purely bright
In Truth's day-star?

"THE HAPPIEST DAY, THE HAPPIEST HOUR"

The happiest day — the happiest hour
My sear'd and blighted heart hath known,
The highest hope of pride and power,
I feel hath flown.

Of power! said I? yes! such I ween;
But they have vanish'd long, alas!
The visions of my youth have been —
But let them pass.

And, pride, what have I now with thee?
Another brow may even inherit
The venom thou hast pour'd on me —
Be still, my spirit!

The happiest day — the happiest hour
Mine eyes shall see — have ever seen,
The brightest glance of pride and power,
I feel — have been:

But were that hope of pride and power
Now offer'd, with the pain
Even *then* I felt — that brightest hour
I would not live again:

For on its wing was dark alloy,
And, as it flutter'd — fell
An essence — powerful to destroy
A soul that knew it well.

THE LAKE

To ——

In youth's spring it was my lot
To haunt of the wide world a spot
The which I could not love the less,
So lovely was the loneliness
Of a wild lake with black rock bound,
And the tall pines that tower'd around —

But when the night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot, as upon all,
And the ghastly wind went by
In a dirge-like melody,
Then — ah then I would awake
To the terror of that lone lake.

Yet that terror was not fright,
But a tremulous delight —
A feeling not the jewell'd mine
Could teach or bribe me to define,
Nor love — although the love were thine.

Death was in that poison'd wave,
And in its depth a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his lone imagining —
Whose solitary soul could make
An Eden of that dim lake.

TO ——

The bowers whereat, in dreams, I see
The wantonest singing birds,
Are lips — and all thy melody
Of lip-begotten words —

Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined
Then desolately fall,
O God! on my funereal mind
Like starlight on a pall —

Thy heart — *thy* heart! — I wake and sigh,
And sleep to dream till day
Of the truth that gold can never buy —
Of the baubles that it may.

TO THE RIVER ——

Fair river! in thy bright, clear flow
Of crystal, wandering water,
Thou art an emblem of the glow
Of beauty — the unhidden heart —
The playful maziness of art
In old Alberto's daughter;

But when within thy wave she looks —
Which glistens then, and trembles —
Why, then, the prettiest of brooks
Her worshipper resembles;
For in his heart, as in thy stream,
Her image deeply lies —
His heart which trembles at the beam
Of her soul-searching eyes.

TO ——

I HEED not that my earthly lot
  Hath — little of Earth in it —
That years of love have been forgot
  In the hatred of a minute: —
I mourn not that the desolate
  Are happier, sweet, than I,
But that *you* sorrow for *my* fate
  Who am a passer by.

FAIRY-LAND

Dim vales — and shadowy floods —
And cloudy-looking woods,
Whose forms we can't discover
For the tears that drip all over.
Huge moons there wax and wane —
Again — again — again —
Every moment of the night —
Forever changing places —
And they put out the star-light
With the breath from their pale faces.
About twelve by the moon-dial
One more filmy than the rest
(A kind which, upon trial,
They have found to be the best)
Comes down — still down — and down
With its centre on the crown
Of a mountain's eminence,
While its wide circumference
In easy drapery falls
Over hamlets, over halls,
Wherever they may be —
O'er the strange woods — o'er the sea —
Over spirits on the wing —
Over every drowsy thing —
And buries them up quite
In a labyrinth of light —
And then, how deep! — O, deep!
Is the passion of their sleep.

In the morning they arise,
And their moony covering
Is soaring in the skies,
With the tempests as they toss,
Like —— almost any thing —
Or a yellow Albatross.
They use that moon no more
For the same end as before —
Videlicet a tent —
Which I think extravagant:
Its atomies, however,
Into a shower dissever,
Of which those butterflies,
Of Earth, who seek the skies,
And so come down again
(Never-contented things!)
Have brought a specimen
Upon their quivering wings.

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

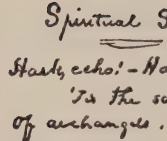
On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand,
  The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
  Are Holy-Land!

FROM AN ALBUM (ALONE)

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were — I have not seen
As others saw — I could not bring
My passions from a common spring —
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow — I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone —
And all I lov'd — *I* lov'd alone —
Then — in my childhood — in the dawn
Of a most stormy life — was drawn
From ev'ry depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still —
From the torrent, or the fountain —
From the red cliff of the mountain —
From the sun that 'round me roll'd
In its autumn tint of gold —
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd me flying by —
From the thunder, and the storm —
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view —

POEMS NOW FIRST COLLECTED



Fragment of a poem, from Poe's Southern Literary Messenger desk

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POEMS NOW FIRST COLLECTED

SPIRITUAL SONG

HARK, echo! — Hark; echo!
'T is the sound
Of archangels, in happiness wrapt

ELIZABETH

ELIZABETH — it surely is most fit
[Logic and common usage so commanding]
In thy own book that *first* thy name be writ,
Zeno[1] and other sages notwithstanding;
And *I* have other reasons for so doing
Besides my innate love of contradiction;
Each poet — *if* a poet — in persuing
The muses thro' their bowers of Truth or Fiction,
Has studied very little of his part,
Read nothing, written less — in short 's a fool
Endued with neither soul, nor sense, nor art,
Being ignorant of one important rule,
Employed in even the theses of the school —
Called — I forget the heathenish Greek name —
[Called anything, its meaning is the same]
"Always write *first* things uppermost in the heart."

[1] It was a saying of this philosopher "that one's own name should never appear in one's own book."

FROM AN ALBUM

ELIZABETH it is in vain you say
"Love not" — thou sayest it in so sweet a way:
In vain those words from thee or L. E. L.
Zantippe's talents had enforced so well:
Ah! if that language from thy heart arise,
Breathe it less gently forth — and veil thine eyes.
Endymion, recollect, when Luna tried
To cure his love — was cured of all beside —
His folly — pride — and passion — for he died.

TO SARAH

When melancholy and alone,
I sit on some moss-covered stone
Beside a murm'ring stream;
I think I hear thy voice's sound
In every tuneful thing around,
Oh! what a pleasant dream.

The silvery streamlet gurgling on,
The mock-bird chirping on the thorn,
Remind me, love, of thee.
They seem to whisper thoughts of love,
As thou didst when the stars above
Witnessed thy vows to me; —

The gentle zephyr floating by,
In chorus to my pensive sigh,
Recalls the hour of bliss,
When from thy balmy lips I drew
Fragrance as sweet as Hermia's dew,
And left the first fond kiss.

In such an hour, when are forgot,
The world, its cares, and my own lot,
Thou seemest then to be,
A gentle guardian spirit given
To guide my wandering thoughts to heaven,
If they should stray from thee.

THE GREAT MAN

THE great man lives forever shrined in the hearts of men,
Albeit form and feature may fade from human ken;
Recorded are his actions on history's living page—
They shine with purer lustre with each successive age.
Immortal aye immortal, undying as a God
The sands of time are printed wherever his feet have trod.
Above his dust no monument may proudly rear its head
To mark the spot where resteth, the mighty and the dead.
He needeth no mausoleum, nor shaft need pierce the sky
To point to coming ages, where his sacred ashes lie.
No! that may be forgotten, but around his glorious name
Will shine the dazzling halo of a never dying fame.
His requiem will be chanted in the wild bird's sweetest song,
The summer breeze and wintry gale the sad notes will prolong,
The flowers of spring time and the leaves of autumn be his pall,
Long as the one shall blossom, long as the other fall.
Here is a noble lesson. Oh! let it graven be
In characters unfading on the page of memory.
Like the needle to the mariner amidst the tempest wrath
Let it fire your hopes and guide you as you tread life's thorny path.

GRATITUDE

To ——

As turns the eye to bless the hand that led its infant years,
As list'ning still for that sweet voice which every tone endears,
So I to thee, through mental power, would each remembrance trace,
And bless the hand that led me on to fonts of lasting grace.
As sailor on the billowy deep hath seen some light afar,
And shunned the rock that lies between his pathway and the star,
So hast thou been o'er stormy wave to me, 'mid sorrow's night,
A beacon true whose glory spreads afar its rays of light.
As flow sweet sounds of melody from strings drawn out by skill,
As roll its wavelets o'er the soul and all its chambers fill,
So came the words of holy truth endued with wisdom's zeal,
So fell their impress on my heart and stamped it with their seal.

As runs the rivulet its course and swifter as it flows,
Still murmuring of the hidden depths where first its waters rose,

So evermore as life glides on expanding far and wide,
Will turn the heart to where at first was ope'd its holiest tide.
As pours the captive bird its song to him who sets it free,
So flows my breath in song of praise in gratitude to thee.
As o'er the earth the sun reflects its rays of living light,
So thou by thy pure rays of thought art power to mental sight.

AN ENIGMA

First, find out a word that doth silence proclaim,
And that backwards and forwards is always the same,
Then next you must find out a feminine name
That backwards and forwards is always the same;
An act, or a writing on parchment whose name
Both backwards and forwards is always the same;
A fruit that is rare, whose botanical name
Read backwards and forwards is always the same;
A note, used in music, which time doth proclaim,
And backwards and forwards is always the same;
Their initials connected, a title will frame,
That is justly the due of the fair married dame,
Which backwards and forwards is always the same.

IMPROMPTU

To Kate Carol

WHEN from your gems of thought I turn
To those pure orbs, your heart to learn,
I scarce know which to prize most high —
The bright *i-dea*, or bright *dear-eye*.

STANZAS

LADY! I would that verse of mine
Could fling, all lavishly and free,
Prophetic tones from every line,
Of health, joy, peace, in store for thee.

Thine should be length of happy days,
Enduring joys and fleeting cares,
Virtue that challenge envy's praise,
By rivals loved, and mourned by heirs.

Thy life's free course should ever roam,
Beyond this bounded earthly clime,
No billow breaking into foam
Upon the rock-girt shore of Time.

The gladness of a gentle heart,
Pure as the wishes breathed in prayer,
Which has in others' joys a part,
While in its own all others share.

The fullness of a cultured mind,
Stored with the wealth of bard and sage,
Which Error's glitter cannot blind,
Lustrous in youth, undimmed in age;

The grandeur of a guileless soul,
With wisdom, virtues, feeling fraught,
Gliding serenely to its goal,
Beneath the eternal sky of Thought: —

These should be thine, to guard and shield,
And this the life thy spirit live,
Blest with all bliss that earth can yield,
Bright with all hopes that Heaven can give.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS

THE only king by right divine
Is Ellen King, and were she mine
I'd strive for liberty no more,
But hug the glorious chains I wore.

Her bosom is an ivory throne,
Where tyrant virtue reigns alone;
No subject vice dare interfere,
To check the power that governs here.

Oh! would she deign to rule my fate
I'd worship Kings with kingly state,
And hold this maxim all life long,
The King — *my* King — can do no wrong.

THE VITAL STREAM

Flow softly — gently — vital stream;
Ye crimson life-drops, stay;
Indulge me with this pleasing dream
Thro' an eternal day.

See — see — my soul, her agony!
See how her eye-balls glare!
Those shrieks, delightful harmony,
Proclaim her deep despair.

Rise — rise — infernal spirits, rise,
Swift dart across her brain
Thou Horror, with blood-chilling cries,
Lead on thy hidious train.

O, feast my soul, revenge is sweet,
Louisa, take my scorn; —
Curs'd was the hour that saw us meet,
The hour when we were born.

COUPLET

Deep in earth my love is lying
And I must weep alone.

LINES TO JOE LOCKE

As for Locke, he is all in my eye,
May the d—l right soon for his soul call,
He never was known to lie —
In bed at a reveillé "roll call."

John Locke was a notable name;
Joe Locke is a greater; in short,
The former was well known to fame,
But the latter 's well known "to report."

ADDITIONAL POEMS WITH POETRY ATTRIBUTED TO POE

ADDITIONAL POEMS WITH POETRY ATTRIBUTED TO POE

SONG OF TRIUMPH

(From tale Four Beasts In One)
Southern Literary Messenger

WHO is king but Epiphanes?
  Say — do you know?
Who is king but Epiphanes?
  Bravo — bravo!
There is none but Epiphanes,
  No — there is none:
So tear down the temples,
  And put out the sun!
Who is king but Epiphanes?
  Say — do you know?
Who is king but Epiphanes?
  Bravo — bravo!

LATIN HYMN

(From tale Four Beasts In One)
Southern Literary Messenger

A THOUSAND, a thousand, a thousand,
A thousand, a thousand, a thousand,
We, with one warrior, have slain!
A thousand, a thousand, a thousand, a thousand,
Sing a thousand over again!
Soho! — let us sing
Long life to our king,
Who knocked over a thousand so fine!
Soho! — let us roar,
He has given us more
Red gallons of gore
Than all Syria can furnish of wine!

THE SKELETON-HAND

(Attributed to Poe)

[From The Yankee, August, 1829.]

Lo! one is on the mountain side,
  While the clouds are passing by —
With their black wings flapping heavily,
  Like eagles in the sky;
Or lying up in the forest trees,
  And waiting there for the mountain-breeze.

And now he passes through the clouds —
  And up to the mountain-top,
Nor yet to look for the joyous sun
  Does the hasty traveller stop.

But he leapeth down in the broken path
  With a step as light and free —
As ever in his days of mirth,
  In the dance and revelry.

Why endeth he his hasty speed?
  Why stoppeth on his way?
In truth it is a fearful thing,
  For human tongue to say.

He fears that toward him pointeth there,
  A fleshless human hand;
Where the mountain rains have swept away,
  Its covering of sand;

That hand his very soul doth stir,
For it proveth him a murderer.

Ay long ago on the mountain side,
The fearful deed was done;
And the murderer thought him safe, that none
Could see, save the broad bright sun,
As he rolled in the heavens the dead above,
And flooded the earth with his rays of love.

Now lifted he his clouded eye,
To the mountain crests behind;
And o'er them came the broad black clouds,
Upheaving with the wind;
And on them their thick darkness spread —
A crown upon the mountain's head.

And then shone out the flaming sun,
From the waters of the sea;
And God's own bow came in the clouds,
And looked out gloriously;
But its colours were of wo and wrath,
That threw their light o'er the murderer's path.

And now God's chariots — the clouds,
Came rolling down with might;
Their wheels like many horsemen were,
In battle or in flight.
And yet no power to move hath *he*,
His soul is in an agony.

Over the murderer and dead
They rolled their mighty host;

Old ocean's waves come not so thick,
By northern tempests tost.

Forth from their mighty bosom came,
A flash of heaven's wrath,
And away the heavy clouds — and dun,
Rolled from the murder-path.
And the sun shone out where the murderer lay,
Before the dead in the narrow way —
With his hand all seared, and his breast torn bare —
God's vengeance had been working there.

P.

THE MAGICIAN[1]

(Attributed to Poe)

[From The Yankee, December, 1829.]

MAGICIAN

Thou dark, sea-stirring storm,
Whence comest thou in thy might —
Nay — wait, thou dim and dreamy form —
Storm spirit, I call thee — 't is mine of right —
Arrest thee in thy troubled flight.

STORM SPIRIT

Thou askest me whence I came —
I came o'er the sleeping sea,
It roused at my torrent of storm and flame,
And it howled aloud in its agony,
And swelled to the sky — that sleeping sea.

Thou askest me what I met —
A ship from the Indian shore,
A tall proud ship with her sails all set —
Far down in the sea that ship I bore,
My storms wild rushing wings before.

And her men will forever lie,
Below the unquiet sea;
And tears will dim full many an eye,

[1] The punctuation throughout is the author's — *by desire.*

Of those who shall widows and orphans be,
And their days be years — for their misery.

A boat with a starving crew —
For hunger they howled and swore;
While the blood from a fellow's veins they drew
I came upon them with rush and roar —
Far under the waves that boat I bore.

Two ships in a fearful fight —
When a hundred guns did flash
I came upon them — no time for flight —
But under the sea their timbers crash
And over their guns the wild waters dash

A wretch on a single plank —
And I tossed him on the shore —
A night and a day of the sea he drank,
But the wearied wretch to the land I bore —
And now he walketh the earth once more.

MAGICIAN

Storm spirit — go on thy path —

The spirit has spread his wings —
And comes on the sea with a rush of wrath,
As a war horse when he springs —
And over the earth his winds he flings —
And over the earth — nor stop nor stay —
The winds of the storm king go out on their way.

P——

QUEEN OF MAY ODE

FAIRIES guard the Queen of May,
Let her reign in Peace and Honor —
Every blessing be upon her;
May her future pathway lie,
All beneath a smiling sky.

NOTE

Mrs. Harriet Virginia Thomson, née Scott, of Austin, Texas, who is over ninety years of age, knew Poe in Richmond, Va. She lived there with her parents when a girl, residing on the Main street near the *Southern Literary Messenger* office. She saw Poe pass her house several times daily, and in those early days looked upon him as a great poet.

Her school was to have a May Queen celebration, and she was required to recite verses to the May Queen. In company with a cousin, an attorney, of Richmond, and a warm friend of Mr. Poe's, she called at the *Messenger* office, and asked Mr. Poe to write her a May Queen Ode.

He readily complied, and sent her the lines the following day. The manuscript was preserved for some time, but finally went astray.

Mrs. Thomson remembers that there were four or five stanzas, as she committed them to memory, and recited them on the occasion. One of the stanzas, she says, she never forgot, and gives it as above from memory.

The school celebration was published in some pamphlet or periodical at the time and the lines printed, but she does not think they were credited to Mr. Poe.

FANNY

THE dying swan by northern lakes
Sings its wild death song, sweet and clear,
And as the solemn music breaks
O'er hill and glen dissolves in air;
Thus musical thy soft voice came,
Thus trembled on thy tongue my name.

Like sunburst through the ebon cloud,
Which veils the solemn midnight sky,
Piercing cold evening's sable shroud
Thus came the first glance of that eye;
But like the adamantine rock,
My spirit met and braved the shock.

Let memory the boy recall
Who laid his heart upon thy shrine,
When far away his footsteps fall,
Think that he deem'd thy charms divine;
A victim on love's altar slain,
By witching eyes which looked disdain.

NOTE

The above was printed in the *Baltimore Saturday Visiter* of May 18, 1833. Like the poem "To ——" on the following page, which also appeared in the same newspaper May 11, 1833, the verses were signed "Tamerlane."

TO ——

Sleep on, sleep on, another hour —
I would not break so calm a sleep,
To wake to sunshine and to show'r,
To smile and weep.

Sleep on, sleep on, like sculptured thing,
Majestic, beautiful art thou;
Sure seraph shields thee with his wing
And fans thy brow —

We would not deem thee child of earth,
For, O, angelic is thy form!
But that in heav'n thou had'st thy birth,
Where comes no storm

To mar the bright, the perfect flow'r,
But all is beautiful and still —
And golden sands proclaim the hour
Which brings no ill.

Sleep on, sleep on, some fairy dream
Perchance is woven in thy sleep —
But, O, thy spirit, calm, serene,
Must wake to weep.

OH, TEMPORA! OH, MORES!

The Baltimore *No Name Magazine* of October, 1889, printed the following as an unpublished poem by Poe: —

"The following verses which have never before appeared in print were written by Edgar Allan Poe at the age of seventeen, and were for more than half a century in the possession of the late John H. MacKenzie [1] of Henrico County, Virginia, whose mother adopted Rosalie Poe, Edgar's sister, at the same time that Edgar was adopted by Mrs. Allan of Richmond. The satire is interesting as perhaps the earliest of Poe's writings known to exist. The luckless Pitts, lampooned by Poe, was a clerk in the leading fashionable dry-goods store of Richmond at the time, and was paying court to a youthful belle of the period who afterwards married a prominent Virginia politician and member of Congress, and who sometimes smiled *dans sa premiere jeunesse* on the wayward young Edgar with the bright eyes and hyacinthine curls. Doubtless that lady's escritoire contained many a woful ballad and lovesick sonnet of the precocious madcap. The frequent use of parliamentary phrases, and the mention of member's claws and member's logic shows that '*Oh, Tempora! Oh, Mores!*' was written chiefly for the ridicule of Pitts in the eyes of certain members of the Virginia legislature who were then boarding in the same house with him.

"All the parties in any manner connected with this lampoon — the fair lady, the distinguished M. C., the author and his victim — have long since passed away, and its publication now can wound the sensibility of no human being,

[1] He was a youthful companion of Poe.

while the numberless admirers of the author of 'The Raven' will read with interest an authentic poem written by him when a boy, — an interest similar in kind — if not as great in degree — to that which would be inspired by a juvenile production of Tennyson or Sir Walter Scott."

OH, TEMPORA! OH, MORES!

Oh Times! Oh Manners! It is my opinion
That you are changing sadly your dominion —
I mean the reign of manners hath long ceased,
For men have none at all, or bad at least;
And as for times, although 't is said by many
The "good old times" were far the worst of any,
Of which sound doctrine I believe each tittle,
Yet still I think these worse than them a little.

I 've been a thinking, is n't that the phrase?
— I like your Yankee words and Yankee ways —
I 've been a thinking, whether it were best
To take things seriously or all in jest;
Whether with Heraclitus of yore
To weep, as he did, till his eyes were sore,
Or rather laugh with him, that queer Philosopher,
Democritus of Thrace, who used to toss over
The page of life and grin at the dog-ears,
As though he 'd say, "Why who the devil cares?"

This is a question which, Oh Heaven, withdraw
The luckless query from a Member's claw!
Instead of two sides, Job has nearly eight,
Each fit to furnish forth four hours debate.
What shall be done? I 'll lay it on the table,
And take the matter up when I 'm more able,

And in the meantime, to prevent all bother,
I 'll neither laugh with one or cry with t'other,
Nor deal in flattery or aspersions foul,
But, taking one by each hand, merely growl.

Ah growl, say you, my friend, and pray at what?
Why really, sir, I almost had forgot —
But damn it, sir, I deem it a disgrace
That things should stare us boldly in the face,
And daily strut the street with bows and scrapes,
Who would be men by imitating apes.
I beg your pardon, reader, for the oath,
The monkey made me swear, though something loath;
I 'm apt to be discursive in my style,
But pray be patient: yet a little while
Will change me, and as politicians do
I 'll mend my manners and my measures too.

Of all the cities, and I 've seen no few, —
For I have travelled, friend, as well as you, —
I don't remember one, upon my soul,
But take it generally upon the whole,
(As Members say they like their logic taken
Because divided it may chance be shaken)
So pat, agreeable, and vastly proper
As this for a neat, frisky counter-hopper;
Here he may revel to his heart's content,
Flounce like a fish in his own element,
Toss back his fine curls from their forehead fair
And hop o'er counters with a Vestris air,
Complete at night what he began A. M.,
And having cheated ladies, dance with them;

For at a ball what fair one can escape
The pretty little hand that sold her tape,
Or who so cold, so callous to refuse
The youth who cut the ribbon for her shoes!

One of these fish, par excellence the beau,
God help me, it has been my lot to know,
At least by sight, for I 'm a timid man
And always keep from laughing when I can;
But speak to him, he 'll make you such grimace.
Lord! to be grave exceeds the power of face.
The hearts of all the ladies are with him,
Their bright eyes on his Tom and Jerry brim
And dove-tailed coat, obtained at cost; while then
Those won't turn on anything like men.

His very voice is musical delight,
His form once seen becomes a part of sight,
In short his shirt-collar, his look, his tone is
The "beau ideal" fancied for Adonis.
Philosophers have often held dispute
As to the seat of thought in man and brute,
For that the power of thought attend the latter
My friend, the beau, hath made a settled matter,
And spite all dogmas current in all ages,
One settled fact is better than ten sages.

For he does think, although I 'm oft in doubt
If I can tell exactly what about.
Ah yes! his little foot and ancle trim,
'T is there the seat of reason lies in him;
A wise philosopher would shake his head,
He then, of course, must shake his foot instead.

At me in vengeance shall that foot be shaken —
Another proof of thought, I 'm not mistaken —
Because to his cat's eyes I hold a glass
And let him see himself a proper ass?
I think he 'll take this likeness to himself,
But if he won't *he shall*, the stupid elf,
And, lest the guessing throw the fool in fits,
I close the portrait with the name of PITTS.

NOTE

The Editor of the Magazine, Mr. Eugene L. Didier, wrote me that the poem was sent him by John R. Thompson of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and that the introduction was written by Thompson.

The original manuscript of this poem in Poe's autograph was once in the possession of John H. MacKenzie. It was destroyed with other Poe papers by fire during the Civil War. A copy reading like the above verses is still preserved by a step-daughter of Mr. MacKenzie, with an account of how it came to be written by Poe in the year 1826.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

I

THE BALTIMORE SATURDAY VISITER, ETC.

A VOLUME of *The Baltimore Saturday Visiter* for the year 1833 is preserved at Catonsville, Md. In all probability Poe contributed to that newspaper the two poems "Fanny" and "To ——" appearing on pages 165 and 166 of the present volume. *The Visiter* of April 20, 1833, also published the following verses: —

SERENADE — BY E. A. POE

So sweet the hour — so calm the time,
I feel it more than half a crime
When Nature sleeps and stars are mute,
To mar the silence ev'n with lute.
At rest on ocean's brilliant dies
An image of Elysium lies:
Seven Pleiades entranced in Heaven,
Form in the deep another seven:
Endymion nodding from above
Sees in the sea a second love:
Within the valleys dim and brown,
And on the spectral mountain's crown
The wearied light is dying down:
And earth, and stars, and sea, and sky
Are redolent of sleep, as I
Am redolent of thee and thine
Enthralling love, my Adeline.
But list, O list! — so soft and low
Thy lover's voice to-night shall flow
That, scarce awake, thy soul shall deem
My words the music of a dream.
Thus, while no single sound too rude,

Upon thy slumber shall intrude,
Our thoughts, our souls — O God above!
In every deed shall mingle, love.

A prize of fifty dollars was awarded Poe, October 12, 1833, for his tale "MS. Found in a Bottle," which was published in the *Visiter* of October 19. The text mainly follows the version of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. The poem "Coliseum" appeared in the *Visiter* of October 26, 1833. The version closely follows that of the *Southern Literary Messenger* with the exception of a new line at the beginning: "Lone amphitheatre! Grey Coliseum!"

A file of the Philadelphia *United States Military Magazine* has been located by the present editor. It contains selections believed to be Poe's, but nothing is signed with his name. A Poe couplet has been discovered in the last issue of the *Broadway Journal* for January 3, 1846, by Mr. Thomas Ollive Mabbott. It reads: —

I thought Kit North a bore — in 1824 —
I find the thought alive — in 1845.

A translation of Frederick Spielhagen from *Westermanns Monats-Hefte* on the Poe-Longfellow war by Mr. Carl A. Weyerhauser points out for the first time that Longfellow in his tale called *Kavanagh*, Chapter XX, has a character (Mr. Hathaway) representing Poe, while that of Mr. Churchill represents Longfellow.

II

The following are from *The Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette*, New Series, July–December, 1829, John Neal, Editor: —

"To Correspondents.[1] If E. A. P. of Baltimore — whose lines about *Heaven*, though he professes to regard

[1] September, 1829.

them as altogether superior to anything in the whole range of American poetry, save two or three trifles referred to, are, though nonsense, rather exquisite nonsense — would but do himself justice, he might make a beautiful and perhaps a magnificent poem. There is a good deal here to justify such a hope:

> Dim vales and shadowy floods,
> And cloudy-looking woods,
> Whose forms we can't discover
> For the tears that — drip all over.
> The moonlight
> ——————————falls
> Over hamlets, over halls.
> Wherever they may be,
> O'er the strange woods, o'er the sea —
> O'er spirits on the wing,
> O'er every drowsy thing —
> And buries them up quite
> In a labyrinth of light,
> And then how deep! — *Oh deep!*
> *Is the passion of their sleep!*

"He should have signed it, Bah! . . . We have no room for others."

"To Correspondents[1] Many papers intended for this number have been put aside for the next, . . . Among others are Night — The Magician — Unpublished Poetry (being specimens of a book about to appear at Baltimore)."

"Unpublished Poetry[2] The following passages are from the manuscript-works of a young author, about to be published in Baltimore. He is entirely a stranger to us, but with all their faults, if the remainder of Al Aaraaf and Tamerlane are as good as the body of the extracts here given — to say nothing of the more extraordinary parts, he will deserve

[1] November, 1829. [2] December, 1829.

to stand high — very high — in the estimation of the shining brotherhood. Whether he *will* do so however, must depend, not so much upon his worth now in mere poetry, as upon his worth hereafter in something yet loftier and more generous — we allude to the stronger properties of the mind, to the magnanimous determination that enables a youth to endure the present, whatever the present may be, in the hope, or rather in the belief, the fixed, unwavering belief, that in the future he will find his reward. 'I am young,' he says in a letter to one who has laid it on our table for a good purpose, 'I am young — not yet twenty — *am* a poet — if deep worship of all beauty can make me one — and wish to be so in the more common meaning of the word. I would give the world to embody one half the ideas afloat in my imagination. (By the way, do you remember — or did you ever read the exclamation of Shelley about Shakspeare? — "What a number of ideas must have been afloat before such an author could arise!") I appeal to you as a man that loves the same beauty which I adore — the beauty of the natural blue sky and the sunshiny earth — there can be no tie more strong than that of brother for brother — it is not so much that they love one another, as that they both love the same parent — their affections are always running in the same direction — the same channel — and cannot help mingling.

I am and have been, from my childhood, an idler. It cannot therefore be said that

> "I left a calling for this idle trade,
> A duty broke — a father disobeyed" —

for I have no father — nor mother.

I am about to publish a volume of "Poems," the greater part written before I was fifteen. Speaking about "Heaven," [1]

[1] A poem by the author of "Al Aaraaf," mentioned in No. III: 168.

the editor of the Yankee says, "He might write a beautiful, if not a magnificent poem" — (the very first words of encouragement I ever remember to have heard). I am very certain that as yet I have not written *either* — but that I *can*, I will take oath — if they will give me time.

The poems to be published are "Al Aaraaf" — "Tamerlane" — one about four, and the other about three hundred lines, with smaller pieces. "Al Aaraaf" has some good poetry, and much extravagance, which I have not had time to throw away.[1]

"Al Aaraaf" is a tale of another world — the star discovered by Tycho Brahe, which appeared and disappeared so suddenly — or rather, it is no tale at all. I will insert an extract, about the palace of its presiding Deity, in which you will see that I have supposed many of the lost sculptures of our world to have flown (in spirit) to the star "Al Aaraaf" — a delicate place, more suited to their divinity.

> Uprear'd upon such height arose a pile
> Of gorgeous columns on th' unburthened air —
> *Flashing, from Parian marble, that twin-smile
> Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,
> And nursled the young mountain in its lair:
> Of molten stars their pavement — such as fall
> Thro' the ebon air — besilvering the pall
> Of their own dissolution while they die —
> Adorning, then, the dwellings of the sky;
> A dome by linked light[2] from Heaven let down,
> Sat gently on these columns as a crown;
> A window of one circular diamond there

[1] This will remind the reader of the following anecdote. Your sermon was too long sir — why did n't you make it shorter? *I had n't time.* — [Editor's Note.]

* Alluding to a prior part.

[2] The idea of linked light is beautiful; but, the moment you *read* it aloud, the beauty is gone. To say link-ed light would be queer enough, notwithstanding Moore's "wreath-ed shell"; but to say link'd-light would spoil the rhythm. [Editor's Note.]

Looked out above into the purple air,
And rays from God shot down that meteor chain
And hallow'd all the beauty twice again,
Save when, between th' Empyrean, and that ring,
Some eager spirit flapp'd a dusky wing:
But, on the *pillars*, seraph eyes have seen
The dimness of this world: that grayish green
That nature loves the best for Beauty's grave,
Lurked in each cornice — round each architrave —
And every sculptur'd cherub thereabout
That from his marble dwelling ventured [1] out,
Seemed earthly in the shadow of his niche —
Archaian statues in a world so rich?
Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis —
From Balbec and the stilly, clear abyss
Of beautiful Gomorrah! — oh! the wave
Is now upon thee — but too late to save!
Far down within the crystal of the lake
Thy swollen pillars tremble — and so quake
The hearts of many wanderers who look in
Thy luridness of beauty — and of sin.

Another —

— Silence is the voice of God —
Ours is a world of words: quiet we call
"Silence" — which is the merest word of all.
Here Nature speaks — and ev'n ideal things
Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings;
But ah! not so, when in the realms on high,
The eternal voice of God is moving by,
And the red winds are withering in the sky!

From Tamerlane —

The fever'd diadem on my brow
I claimed and won usurpingly:
Hath not the same fierce heirdom given
Rome to the Cæsar — this to me?

[1] The word in the original was *peered*: we have changed it for the reason stated above. — [Editor's Note.]

The heritage of a kingly mind
And a proud spirit, which hath striven
Triumphantly with human-kind.

* * * *

On mountain soil I first drew life,
The mists of the Taglay have shed
Nightly their dews upon my head;
And, I believe, the winged strife
And tumult of the headlong air
Hath nestled in my very hair.

* * * *

So late from Heaven, that dew, it fell,
Mid dreams of one unholy night,
Upon me with the touch of Hell —
While the red flashing of the light
From clouds that hung, like banners, o'er,
Seem'd then to my half-closing eye
The pageantry of monarchy;
And the deep trumpet-thunder's roar
Came hurriedly upon me telling
Of human battle (near me swelling).

* * * *

The rain came down upon my head
Unshelter'd, and the heavy wind
Was giantlike — so thou, my mind!
It was but man, I thought, who shed
Laurels upon me — and the rush —
The torrent of the chilly air
Gurgled within my ear the crush
Of empires — with the captive's prayer;
The hum of suitors, and the tone
Of flattery round a sovereign-throne.

* * * *

Young Love's first lesson is the heart:
For mid that sunshine and those smiles,
When, from our little cares apart,
And laughing at her girlish wiles,
I 'd throw me on her throbbing breast,
And pour my spirit out in tears,

There was no need to speak the rest —
No need to quiet any fears
Of her — who ask'd no reason why,
But turned on me her quiet eye.

Tamerlane dying —

Father! I firmly do believe —
I know — for Death, who comes for me
From regions of the blest afar,
(Where there is nothing to deceive)
Hath left his iron gate ajar;
And rays of truth you cannot see
Are flashing through Eternity —
I do believe that Eblis hath
A snare in every human path;
Else how when in the holy grove
I wandered of the idol, Love,
Who daily scents his snowy wings
With incense of burnt offerings
From the most undefiled things —
Whose pleasant bowers are yet so riven
Above with trelliced rays from Heaven
No mote may shun — no tiniest fly
The lightning of his eagle eye.
How was it that Ambition crept
Unseen, amid the revels there,
Till, growing bold, he laugh'd and leapt
In the tangles of Love's brilliant hair?

Passage from the minor poems.

If my peace hath flown away
In a night — or in a day —
In a vision — or in none —
Is it therefore the less gone?
I am standing mid the roar
Of a weatherbeaten shore,
And I hold within my hand
Some particles of sand —

How few! and how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep!
My early hopes? — No — they
Went gloriously away,
Like lightning from the sky
At once — and so will I."

Having allowed our youthful writer to be heard in his own behalf, — what more can we do for the lovers of genuine poetry? Nothing. They who are judges will not need more; and they who are not — why waste words upon them? We shall not.

III

MYTHICAL POE POEMS

Quite a number of mythical Poe poems have been published. The three widest circulated of such poems are "The Fire Legend," "Leonainie," and "Kelah."

The following named pamphlet written in heroic couplets and comprising nine hundred and fifty lines and signed Lavante has also been reprinted with an effort to show that Poe was the author: "The Poets and Poetry of America. A *Satire*. Philadelphia William S. Young — No. 173 Race Street 1847."

IV

LETTERS RELATING TO POE

A collection of eight autograph letters of Thomas W. White, proprietor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, written to Lucian Minor (at one time associated with him on the *Messenger*), during Poe's first year with the magazine, have never been published. They serve to throw new light

on Poe's connections with the *Messenger* during his early career in Richmond, Virginia.

(1) *A. L. S.*, 1 p., 4to.

RICHMOND, *August* 18, 1835.

I have, my dear sir, been compelled to part with Mr. Sparhawk as regular editor. . . . He will, however, continue to assist me. Mr. Poe is here also. He tarries one month and will aid me all that lies in his power.

(2) *A. L. S.*, 2 pp., 4to.

RICHMOND, *September* 8, 1835.

Poe is now in my employ — not as editor. He is unfortunately rather dissipated — and therefore I can place very little reliance upon him. His disposition is quite amiable. He will be some assistance to me in proof-reading — at least I hope so.

(3) *A. L. S.*, 2 pp., 4to.

RICHMOND, *September* 21, 1835.

Poe has flew the track already. His habits were not good. He is in addition a victim of melancholy. I should not be at all astonished to hear that he had been guilty of suicide.

(4) *A. L. S.*, 3 pp., 4to.

RICHMOND, *October* 1, 1835.

I have just seen Mr. Heath. He thinks he can manage the autography for me. He proposes striking out Cooper's and Irving's names. I will not put the article in till I hear from you. Give me your candid opinion of it. Poe is its author.

(5) *A. L. S.*, 1 p., 4to.

RICHMOND, *October* 20, 1835.

Mr. Poe, who is with me again, read (your address) over by copy with great care. He is very much pleased with it —

in fact he passes great encomiums upon it to me, and intends noticing it under the head of Reviews.

(6) *A. L. S.*, 1 p., small folio.

RICHMOND, *October* 24, 1835.

Suppose you send me a modest paragraph, mentioning . . . the paper is now under my own editorial management, assisted by several gentlemen of distinguished literary attainments. You may introduce Mr. Poe's name as amongst those engaged to contribute for its columns — taking care not to say as editor.

(7) *A. L. S.*, 3 pp., 4to.

RICHMOND, *November* 23, 1835.

You are altogether right about the Leslie critique. Poe has evidently shown himself no lawyer — whatever else he may be.

(8) *A. L. S.*, 2 pp. 4to.

RICHMOND, *December* 25, 1835.

All the critical notices are from the pen of Poe — who, I rejoice to tell you, still keeps from the Bottle.

There is also among the collection a letter addressed to Lucian Minor altogether in Poe's autograph, but signed by Thomas W. White.

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